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LETTERS

competence without gadgets

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: As Aldous Huxley, in *Brave New World*, had already done a clever fantasy on the mechanization of recreation, I wonder why you thought it worth while to give us Mr. Csikszentmihalyi's "The Rigors of Play" [*The Nation*, Feb. 17]. It is not as imaginative as Huxley's, but it is clearly a fantasy, masquerading as fact.

Take one of his three main examples—chess. Csikszentmihalyi would have us believe that today most games are played with complex equipment under deadly serious tournament conditions. But in fact, virtually all "serious" chess players belong to the United States Chess Federation, which has a total membership of about 12,000, a minute fraction of Americans who play some chess. Even in regard to those who play more for blood than fun, Csikszentmihalyi's statements are totally inaccurate. Apparently he glanced at a catalogue of chess equipment and drew unwarranted conclusions; I can assure him that there are many masters and experts who do not own "stamping pads . . . a portable roll-up demonstration board," etc., and who nevertheless manage to avoid feeling "hopelessly amateur." Nor can they afford to consider an opponent as "an interchangable dummy"; nor is their play controlled by "buzzers."

But not only are Csikszentmihalyi's facts wrong; his underlying assumptions are also, I believe, questionable. . . . The values which he would have us find in recreation—spiritual, human, aesthetic—are not dependent upon bumbling amateurism. . . . *William B. Stone*

Lake Forest, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: Mr. Stone claims that my statements, at least as far as chess is concerned, are "totally inaccurate," and that my facts are "wrong." His disagreement with my statements rests on empirical grounds, and they are very easy to test. All reader Stone has to do is walk a few blocks from his residence either to the northwest, where Jimmy's Tavern is located (unless it has been torn down by urban renewal in the meantime), or the southwest, to the University of Chicago's Reynolds Club, and he will see scores of chess games going on according to the pattern I indicated. At Jimmy's one could see at times three games at different tables, all using buzzing timers. It was this atmosphere of unnecessary and sterile tension which forced me to play at home, with only a few old-fashioned players. There are still a few such left, of course; I was speaking only of a quite noticeable trend which I think is important. Mr. Stone also seems to fail to catch the irony in my use of the term "bumbling amateurism"—what I was implying is that the narrow technicians are defining as amateur anyone who is uninterested in pursuing their game at the level they are playing it. . . . *Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi*

corrections

By a typographical error, David Halberstam was referred to in Eqbal Ahmad's article (p. 267, *The Nation*, Mar. 3) as a correspondent for *Time* magazine. At the time indicated, Mr. Halberstam was writing from Vietnam for *The New York Times*. *Editors*

New York City

DEAR SIRS: A printer's error of the most innocent kind has introduced a most unfortunate error of fact into my review of John Berryman's *His Toy, His Dream, His Rest*. "The Nervous Songs" were not published "a couple of years ago," but in 1948 as part of the volume, *The Dispossessed*. What I wrote was "a couple of wars ago."

Michael Goldman

EDITORIALS

The Unhappy Right

An enjoyable aspect of these first weeks of the Nixon Administration has been the anguish and indignation which some of his decisions have aroused among his loyal right-wing backers. Such appointments as Dr. James E. Allen, Jr., James Farmer, Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Charles Yost are seen as more than objectionable; each such appointment represents a denial of patronage to the hungry legions of the Right. The columnist James J. Kilpatrick, who often articulates the impossible dreams of the ultras, and who may very well have anticipated a minor ambassadorial appointment—say to Liberia—cries out bitterly: "Throw Us a Bone, Mr. President! Throw Us a Bone!" Disappointed Southern Republicans caucus in Washington, bemoan the absence of patronage, and decline an invitation to chat with the President. David Lawrence is agitated and hurt, the newsletter *Human Events* is indignant, the Liberty Lobby charges betrayal, and Strom Thurmond maintains an ominous and sullen silence. One small item tells quite a story: Secretary of State Rogers has in effect notified Otto F. Otepka, the controversial former security "evaluator," that he does not intend to restore him to his post. During his years in "exile," Otepka has been the right wing's favorite martyr. Nor will the Right be pleased by the astute way in which Rep. Rogers Morton, named to succeed Ray Bliss, who was so cruelly removed after a productive tour of duty as chairman of the Republican National Committee, has eased Murray Chotiner, a chronic hard liner, out of an office he had pre-empted in the National Committee's suite. Mr. Chotiner had let it be known that, regardless of who was named to succeed Bliss, he would be "top banana." Mr. Morton wisely concluded that Chotiner should be sent packing. In brief, the right wing is unhappy to the point of mutiny but, for the moment, mutiny is impossible. They are trapped; they have nowhere to go.

But there is no reason why the right wing should despair. If Nixon has taken a position "a little to the right of the left of center," it does not mean that he intends to hold it. At the moment, the Democrats control Congress and the President must be tactful. Until the Republicans can regain control, the right wing has little to offer Nixon unless their opposition were to become visible and vocal —and in that case he might find it most useful. As Carl T. Rowan points out in his column, Mr. Nixon is clearly "not what he said he was, not what the Democrats feared he was, nor even what Republicans hoped he was during the Presidential campaign." So everyone, more or less, is wondering: "Just what kind of President have we?" And, as Mr. Rowan notes, the President may well be saying to himself: "What kind of President am I?" With Mr. Nixon you rarely know where you stand, because Mr. Nixon rarely knows where he may *have* to stand. He stands, at any moment, on the point of maximum expediency. Just now it is a little to the right of the left of center but tomorrow, who knows?

The right wingers, true believers all, have turned out to

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be more naive than might have been imagined. They did not realize, as Joseph C. Harsch puts it, that "in politics as in war, the victory does not always resemble the dreams of the fighting troops." But President Nixon may very well move back in their direction and, in the meantime, if their frustration becomes intolerable, they can always start a movement to "draft" George Wallace.

Mr. Meany's Full Circle

History, under the peremptory guidance of George Meany, has come full circle. Two decades ago, Meany helped set up the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, designed to combat the World Federation of Trade Unions, which was Communist controlled. Now, in a fit of exasperation, the terrible-tempered Mr. Meany has disowned his child, cutting off its $360,000 a year allowance. The reason Meany gives for this summary action is that the ICFTU is no longer sufficiently anti-Communist for his taste, but the truth seems to be that the WFTU has become less pro-Communist than it used to be, and an old redbaiter like Meany needs a good-guys-bad-guys contrast, as in the Westerns.

What bothers Meany most, one may surmise, is that the WFTU (see our editorial, "A Secret No More," October 21, 1968) denounced the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, with the strong backing of the Italian and French Communist-controlled wings of the trade union movement. Since 1948, the WFTU had not been so much a labor federation as an instrument of Soviet policy in the cold war. And the ICFTU had not been so much a labor federation as an instrument of the West in opposition to the WFTU. But the invasion of Czechoslovakia was too much for the French and Italian comrades, and the gap between the two federations consequently narrowed.

The severance of relations between the AFL-CIO and ICFTU shows once more that in the former Meany remains the boss. Even Jay Lovestone and Irving Brown, Meany's dedicated assistant redbaiters, opposed his arbitrary action. Jacob Potofsky, head of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, abstained from voting, David Dubinsky, president emeritus of the ILGWU, voted "present." But Meany's action was approved by twenty-five of the twenty-seven top AFL-CIO officers present, with what mental reservations no one can say.

For the ICFTU the severance may be a blessing in disguise. At the moment the organization is well-nigh bankrupt, but Meany's action signifies liberation from his control and dictation. The loss of $360,000 a year is a blow, but it should not be too difficult to make up, particularly if the United Automobile Workers and other independent unions move in. The ICFTU now has a chance to function as a genuine labor federation, i.e., as a bridge between Eastern and Western labor. It might secure the affiliation of Yugoslav unions at the outset, and later pick up some other, more significant affiliations in Eastern Europe. At the very least, the withdrawal of AFL-CIO from the ICFTU is one more sign of the disruption of the cold-war mechanisms that seemed so enduring. George Meany, who has lived largely by these antagonisms, may yet regret his latest tantrum.

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THE NATION *Volume 208 No. 10*

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Toward a Social Ethic

A chronic difficulty in present-day social organization is the rampant growth of bureaucracy, accompanied by a corresponding diffusion of responsibility, so that in most cases no one can be held responsible for errors and abuses of authority. But there are signs, even if as yet unspectacular, that this pernicious state of affairs may be changing, in the only way in which it can be changed—from within. Some of the faceless bureaucrats, corporate and governmental, are beginning to show their faces, and to become vocal on behalf of the public.

The cutting edge of this development may be discerned in the professions; for example, in the various caucuses which have emerged in some of the learned societies—political science, sociology, economics, physics, even in engineering. Social pressures, the danger of a war of mutual extermination, mounting environmental hazards, military projects like the ABM Sentinel, are forcing certain professionals to adopt a new social ethic which finds expression in open intervention for the public welfare. Cornell faculty members organize against a nuclear power development on Lake Cayuga, a day-long stoppage of research is scheduled at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and other universities, to protest against the way in which decisions on weapons systems are being made, while in Chicago the working press, annoyed with the biased outlook of their publishers, are issuing an excellent publication of their own, the *Chicago Journalism Review* (sample copies may be obtained by writing 5000 S. Dorchester Ave., Chicago 60615).

In another field we called attention last fall ("Breaking the Code," November 25, 1968) to the action of an employee of the General Telephone Company in California who appeared at a public hearing of the Public Utility Commission to say, as a matter of civic responsibility, what he thought about the company's application for a rate increase. Here is another example: Some twenty-five or thirty staff members of the New York City Planning Commission joined recently with others to submit a petition to the commission in opposition to a re-zoning measure which they felt discriminated against the poor in favor of those able to afford luxury housing. Four members of the staff faced the chairman of the commission at a public hearing and denounced him and the commission. "We have been asked to violate our personal integrity," one of them said, "by justifying decisions . . . on a technical basis when they were made on a political level. . . . We have been asked to conceal information which should be made available to the public."

The group that sparked this protest is an outgrowth of the Movement for a Democratic Society, which is made up of alumni of Students for a Democratic Society. In this instance the young planners think of themselves as a buffer group between the various planning agencies and the communities and the public which these agencies purport to serve. They are attempting to focus attention on the process by which decisions are made at higher levels. It is obvious that they are reacting against the frustration that technicians of conscience experience when they see decisions made by a process which they regard as undemocratic and unresponsive to public needs and concerns.

To date none of these assistant planners has been reprimanded, although they have been "spoken to" as a group. Admittedly, this kind of activity presents problems of protocol, procedure and discipline. But what is emerging here is also a sign of the times and a response to a vital need. If the procedures by which decisions are made are in fact anti-social, then individuals in the bureaucratic structures must speak out. Otherwise, in an increasingly bureaucratic society, in which decision making grows ever more technical, how is the public to know when decisions are made properly and when they are not?

Not many years ago, public concern was focused on the "organization man" and the organizational society—on the kind of people who explained, "I just work here." But organizations, once they are called to account by their own members, may turn out to be more vulnerable than was thought. An orderly insurgency from within may be a salutary corrective for the bureaucracy which oppresses the mass of ordinary citizens.

The Name of the Beast

When Carl B. Stokes, Mayor of Cleveland, calls other Negroes in his city "black bigots," the epithet falls upon one's mind as a blight. But the situation which evoked these words throws new, and it may be useful, light on racism and prejudice in general.

Cleveland wants to build a public housing project in a lower-middle-class section of Cleveland called Lee-Seville. The present residents of this neighborhood are Negroes who, in the past ten or fifteen years, have managed to escape from the city's central ghettos. Like the so-called "ethnic" groups in America, they are fiercely motivated to succeed, ever aware of the fragility of the supports that hold them above their pasts. They do not want the housing project, and they voice familiar objections: declining real estate values, overcrowded schools, degraded public services, public safety.

Leading their fight are two City Councilmen, Clarence R. Thompson and Albert Pottinger, both black. Stokes asserts that these men are attempting to deprive a segment of the city's population of access to a decent style of living. Thompson replies that the basic amenities of the section are scarcely adequate now, and promises continued opposition until he sees specific improvements commensurate with the proposed new construction. That his position may be more than obstructionism is indicated by the announcement by Mayor Stokes of a $4 million improvement package for Lee-Seville. If that project goes through (Thompson says he wants to be shown), it may turn out that the residents of the neighborhood and their political representatives will have found a way to make City Hall attend to their needs.

The broader implication of the situation is that it casts some doubt on the specifically racist character of similar frequent disputes in this country. People, black and white, are jealous of their successes, and most jealous of all are those who have won them recently. If they see, or think they see, a threat to them from a group with different

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background or experience, the protest will almost inevitably take on the color of bigotry. If this is then taken up by the press and the spokesmen for the proposed change, the debate begins to focus on human wickedness instead of on the substantive issues.

There is indeed racism in this country, as there are many other forms of prejudice, but tolerance will be advanced, and the public tranquility served, if in given situations an attempt is made to distinguish prejudice from self-interest. The latter may be selfishness, reprehensible in itself, but it lacks the confrontation explosiveness of bigotry.

Contamination of the Oceans

Dr. E. D. Goldberg, professor of chemistry at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, has written a disquieting paper on man's pollution of the oceans. The popular impression is that the oceans, covering two-thirds of the earth's surface to an average depth of 4 kilometers (2.5 miles) can be contaminated only locally, as in the *Torrey Canyon* disaster and the recent oil leakage in the Santa Barbara channel. (See "Oil on the Waters" by Edward Cowan, page 304.) Unfortunately the one-world concept applies not only politically but chemically, so that seemingly innocent discharges of more or less noxious chemicals directly into the ocean, or reaching it via the atmosphere, may do slow, irreversible harm. Often, also, as in the case of radioactive contamination, untoward effects may occur quickly, thousands of miles from the source.

"Man, a land animal," Dr. Goldberg tells us, "is influencing the chemical composition of sea water more than any of the species that live within the marine environment." In some cases man-made materials are added to those released naturally by weathering of rocks, etc.; in others—DDT, for instance—man is solely responsible.

Lead and mercury are examples of the former process. The annual world production of mercury is about 9,200 tons. The metal is used in industry and agriculture as a fungicide, catalyst, etc. It is estimated that about half of the total tonnage reaches the oceans via rivers and the atmosphere. No investigations have been made of mercury in the marine environment, but the levels found in the wings of birds in Sweden are ten to twenty times those detected earlier, and high concentrations have been discovered in the San Francisco smog. Fish, accumulating mercury compounds, may transfer them back to man.

Since tetra-ethyl lead was introduced as an anti-knock agent forty-five years ago, the input of lead into the oceans has come mainly from automobile exhausts. Some 350,000 metric tons of lead (a metric ton contains 2,200 pounds) are injected into the atmosphere of the Northern Hemisphere annually, and much of it reaches the oceans. The average lead content in surface waters of the northern oceans, while still measured in small fractions of a microgram per kilogram of sea water, has tripled over the forty-five-year period. A similar addition exists in reference to carbon compounds, such as carbon monoxide, carbon dioxide and hydrocarbons. Evaporation of dry-cleaning solvents takes place at a rate estimated at 360,000 tons in the United States alone every year. Since these hydrocarbons are chemically stable, they probably contribute materially to marine pollution.

Many contaminants have geologically long "residence times" in the ocean before they settle to the bottom. Consequently, marine life may be exposed to them for indefinite periods. The lesson of Dr. Goldberg's paper is that environmental studies should include the processes of slow pollution. If they are neglected, some unpleasant surprises may lie ahead.

Cultural Note

In population, at least, Newark, N.J., is a great city, though overshadowed by the proximity of New York. It is outstanding also in its tax rate, which runs well over $8 per $100 assessment. Understandably, the cries of the taxpayers are loud, and recently the City Council gave ear to their anguish. The Council's remedy was to cut off the city's contribution of $2.8 million a year to its library and museum, established in 1888 and 1909 respectively. "This action is out of sheer desperation," the Council president said, while the mayor termed it "tragic."

Without presuming to criticize the city fathers, one is entitled to wonder whether ours is really an affluent society. If so, the Newark museum and library would like to see some of that affluence come their way.

Crackdown

From Fort Lauderdale, Fla., one of the leading abodes of happiness in the United States, comes a disquieting story. A 27-year-old man named Will Willis, a former reporter for the *Miami Herald*, was accused of selling and possessing marijuana. The jury acquitted him on the charge of selling, and convicted him on one count of possession. The judge sentenced the defendant to three and a half years in state prison. Willis had no police record and appears to have been a model citizen. The judge gave an odd reason for the severity of the sentence: Willis was college educated and intelligent. "It's surprising," said His Honor, "that a man of his intellect would become involved. It was an unpleasant task. If I didn't do something, I'd be as weak-willed as he is." Pending appeal, he set bail at $12,000. A high police official in Fort Lauderdale called the sentence severe and said that first offenders in such circumstances are usually placed on probation.

Aside from the severity of the sentence, the case points to a current trend which is assuming dangerous implications. In proportion as serious social problems acquire a desperate urgency, the attention of law-enforcement officials is inclined to focus on relatively minor offenses, which are attacked with a savagery out of all relation to their importance. The "crackdown" is functional in that it diverts attention from issues of greater urgency, while conveying the impression of strict law enforcement.

Almost any offense can be used to trigger a general crackdown but some are better than others, and possession, use or sale of marijuana is one of the best. Many

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parents worry that their children are smoking pot or being encouraged to smoke it, and their anxiety is relieved when they read of severe sentences. All that most people know about marijuana is gleaned from sensational news stories, yet as *Time* pointed out recently, "practically everybody, whether doctor or layman, pothead or puritan, has been expressing dogmatic opinions for years about the effects of marijuana on its users." When reports of serious studies appear in technical or professional journals, they are generally ignored (a case in point being the Weil Report, *Science*, December 13, 1968).

The danger of Draconian campaigns against relatively minor offenses—apart from their diversionary effect—is that they create a general climate of opinion which encourages what might be called "legal violence" or "legal vigilantism." The sentence in the Fort Lauderdale case falls in this category. Crackdowns of this kind are contagious. At the moment, marijuana users are a prime target, but other offenders will be thrown to the lions if the current insistence on severity does not abate. In time, legal vigilantism stimulates the illegal variety and that, of course, is the greatest danger.

KINGSLEY MARTIN: A MEMOIR

ALEXANDER WERTH

Kingsley Martin, for many years editor of the *New Statesman*, died suddenly in Cairo on February 17. Before his death he ordered that his body be given to an Egyptian hospital for medical and scientific research. Though the son of a Unitarian minister, he became an agnostic at an early age, and remained one to the end. This was an atypical consistency in a man who, all his life, had been tormented by doubt, and who so often allowed himself to be swayed by the most contradictory influences. It was a common quip in the Great Turnstile office that Kingsley adopted the views of the last person he had seen. This was both true and untrue. He could be influenced, but only if he was predisposed to be influenced—as he was on a famous and shameful occasion during the pre-Munich crisis of 1938.

I first met Kingsley Martin soon after he became editor of the *New Statesman* in 1931. He had for three or four years been an editorial writer on the *Manchester Guardian* under the "great" C. P. Scott; and Scott, who had an exaggerated confidence in his own (often very dubious) judgment, intensely disliked his "overfussy" aide. To get rid of him as painlessly as possible, Scott used his influence to have Martin appointed editor of the *Statesman*, after the death of its previous editor, Clifford Sharp.

Kingsley, who felt himself humiliated by the episode, determined to show that he had been unjustly dealt with by making the *New Statesman*—then with a circulation of 15,000—both a financial success and a paper of real weight and influence. Its circulation shot up to 30,000 in 1939 and to 90,000 in 1945. As John Freeman, who succeeded him for a few years in 1961 recently wrote me from New Delhi: "On a paper like the *New Statesman* what matters most of all is the personality of its editor, who gives it its tone and coherent unity; and no one was, and ever will be, as good in this respect as Kingsley."

The paradox was that, although he gave the paper this extraordinary coherence, he himself lacked it. As his assistant editor, the late Aylmer Vallance, remarked: "It is not true that Kingsley is a great editor; but he is a supremely good writer himself, and he expects everybody else writing for the paper to come as near his own standard as possible." But although often torn by doubts and uncertainties, and with some of his colleagues trying to pull him far to the Left, and others further to a kind of social-democratic Right, Kingsley was, in fact, pink, rather than red, and in this respect he was very much an intellectual of the thirties. It is true, though, that what made the *Statesman* a great paper was, above all, the quality of its writing. Martin's own "London Diary" was the most brilliant journalism in England—witty, well written, and enormously readable.

I was lucky in the 1930s to write for two great editors—Kingsley on the *Statesman* and W. P. Crozier on the *Manchester Guardian*. Both had become acutely aware that fascism, and especially Hitlerism, was spreading to the rest of Western Europe. While I reported on the Fascist leagues in France, Kingsley kept an eagle eye on Mosleyism and other forms of fascism in England. Both Kingsley and Crozier were highly sympathetic to the Popular Front in France, and both took a staunchly pro-Republican line at the time of the Spanish War, even though, in the case of the *Guardian*, the somewhat unbalanced F. A. Voigt managed, for all his genuine anti-Hitlerism, to slip some pro-Franco articles into the paper during a few weeks. In 1937 I had to rush to Spain to repair the damage.

The *New Statesman*, anti-Fascist, anti-Nazi and pro-Spanish Republic, became *the* great paper of the younger British intellectuals, so many of whom went to Spain to fight. Like the *Guardian*, it seemed consistently hostile to appeasement and advocated a return to collective security, together with the indispensable Russians—though on both papers the purge trials of 1936-37 caused considerable qualms, and though neither tried, as did A. G. Cummings on the *News Chronicle*, to justify them.

In short, the beastliness of Stalinism could not be discounted altogether; but for Kingsley and Crozier it was still a lesser evil than Hitlerism—a line the opposite of that taken by certain press lords like Rothermere or Kemsley who, more or less openly, preached a free-hand-in-the-East for Hitler.

And yet, if Crozier remained consistently anti-Munich, Kingsley did not. One day at the end of August, 1938,

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he was visited by Roden Buxton, a Labourite who was an arch-appeaser. After this visit, the *New Statesman*, to the horror of its regular readers, came out with a proposal for the partition of Czechoslovakia. This was nearly two weeks before the *Times* proposed the same thing. That *Times* editorial of September 7 is a major landmark of the Munich surrender; but, in reality, Kingsley Martin had started the rot. For many years, he seemed deeply ashamed of what he had done, and gave all kinds of unconvincing explanations. But the truth is that K.M. was at heart a pacifist. He had been a conscientious objector during World War I, and when Buxton, in the name of "peace," advocated surrender, his words did not fall on stony soil.

Although after Munich he tried to repair the damage he had done, Martin became disheartened and pessimistic, if not downright defeatist. He blamed the Soviet-German Pact of 1939 on Chamberlain and, with the fall of France, his gloom deepened. When I returned to London after the French collapse and went to see Kingsley, he threw up his arms in a gesture of despair: "My God! What was the good of coming here? You might as well have stayed in France. The Germans will be here in a week!"

Later, when the British won the Battle of Britain, and there was no Nazi invasion, Kingsley still thought that the British shipping losses would starve the country. However, he pulled himself together once the London blitz had got into its stride and actually began to enjoy the excitement. One of the immortal paragraphs in the "London Diary" went something like this: "I must be the only man to have been blown off the lavatory seat by a bomb blast while reading Jane Austen!"

Though at first pessimistic as to Russia's chances, he became wildly enthusiastic about the Red Army once the tide had turned. After the war, he began to have serious misgivings about the way Europe was shaping. Somebody has said that he had no enemies. That is untrue; he had many enemies, among them Ernest Bevin who, soon after the Labour government had come into office in 1945, said to him: "How long will it take you, Kingsley, to stab me in the back?" Largely under the influence of R. H. S. Crossman—and Crossman had an almost mesmerizing effect on Kingsley—he adopted a sharply anti-Bevin and pro-Israel line on the Middle East. After the war he traveled prodigiously trying to size up the situation in the different countries. In Poland, Gomulka gave him a very nasty reception, and he fared little better in the other countries of the Socialist bloc. I think the only foreign country where this essentially Little Englander was truly happy was India. Nehru was a close personal friend, and K.M. liked to think that under his editorship the *New Statesman* had done more than any other proponent to bring about the independence of India and other colonial countries.

As for Eastern Europe, he developed, after the Tito-Stalin quarrel of 1948, a genuine enthusiasm for Yugoslavia and was highly pleased with the articles, mainly favorable to Tito, I sent him from Belgrade during several long visits to Yugoslavia in 1948-50. Aylmer Vallance, on the other hand, was furious. Before the Moscow-Belgrade rift he had christened his newborn son Tito, and was now kicking himself for having done so.

There were all sorts of contradictory and conflicting influences on the *Statesman* during the cold-war years of 1948-53, and Kingsley had some difficulty coping with them. His business manager, the late John Roberts, was a bit of a McCarthyite, who dreaded that the paper could be suspected of Moscow sympathies. Crossman was violently anti-Communist; Aylmer Vallance was known as a "Red," and, before long, Kingsley felt obliged to bar him from writing on any controversial international subject. He was easily rattled; for instance when Vallance signed the "Stockholm Appeal" and, above all, whenever the paper received a spate of "McCarthyite" letters, criticizing this or that article. For it is wrong to imagine that McCarthyism was a purely American phenomenon. There was plenty of it in France, and even more in England—a more insidious kind than in the United States, but nasty for all that.

Although there was weakness in his character, Martin neverthelesss remained, until his retirement in 1961, a great journalist and editor. He took a violently anti-colonialist line in dealing with France's wars in Indo-China and, later, in North Africa. After 1961 he wrote his autobiography in two volumes, the second of which, *Editor*, I found a little disappointing. Although it contained masses of information about his meetings and friendship with Keynes, the Webbs, Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Harold Laski (whom he truly loved) and other eminent men of the British Left, and some very good jokes, not least about the British monarchy, which he thought amusingly absurd, it somehow failed to expound any coherent political philosophy. Also, it failed to render that pleasantly crazy atmosphere of the *New Statesman* office, as I had known it for some thirty years.

I think the truth is that Kingsley's colleagues, while admiring him as a writer, found his hesitations, his wobbling, his brainstorms and sudden enthusiasms and equally sudden phobias upsetting and disconcerting. Respecting him, they yet tended behind his back to make fun of him and of his extraordinary personal vanity. Kingsley was, I think, aware of it, but while he could be whimsically (seldom angrily) funny about other people, he somehow refused to admit that he too had a funny side. But this was a small failing, compared with his enormous achievement as one of the creators in England of the anti-Fascist mystique of the thirties. I think it was Muggeridge who recently remarked that it was a lot of fuss about nothing—that it did not delay Nazi aggression and the outbreak of World War II by half a day. Maybe not. But to resist and denounce Hitlerism was, in those days, an inescapable moral imperative for the lost generation of the thirties—whom Kingsley, except for that one terrible lapse, represented so well. A lot of things were wrong about the Spanish war, but to support the Republicans, as Kingsley did in his finest hour on the *Statesman*, was inevitable; his campaign was part of that genuine mass protest against the unchecked arrogance with which Hitler and Mussolini had been kicking the "democracies" around for years. If we failed, it was because the Chamberlains and Bonnets were determined that we should.

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THE LAYING ON OF CULTURE

JOHN McDERMOTT

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I

About a year ago I accepted an invitation to speak "against the war," at, let's call it, the University of Dexter. It is located in the city of that name, one of the major manufacturing towns of the Midwestern industrial belt. Since Dexter is somewhat off the main circuit for anti-war speech-making, I read up on the university and the town, and what I found made me look forward to my visit.

The university tended to draw most of its students from the town itself. They came heavily from working-class families and were often the first in their families to attend college. Frequently English was not the only language spoken at home. More significant was the fact that the city itself had at one time considerable fame for working-class militancy. One of the great early strikes of the depression was fought in Dexter, and the issue was not settled in the workers' favor until they had fought the National Guard to a draw in pitched street battles. Before that the city had been a center of Socialist Party activity, and still earlier, a stronghold of IWW sentiment. Thus I looked forward to my visit as an opportunity to talk to the kind of students seldom reached by Movement speakers.

It wasn't. Attendance at the well-publicized meeting was spotty; those who came tended to be about evenly divided between faculty and graduate students, almost all of whom were from outside the state. And there were no students at the party to which I was taken later in the evening, though they had helped plan the meeting, for student segregation is the campus rule at Dexter, no less within the Movement than outside it. Perhaps it was that or perhaps my disappointment at the absence of "normal" students at the evening's meeting; anyhow, I deliberately forced the party to become a meeting. It had taken no great powers of observation to note that the anti-war movement at Dexter, and, by extension, its Left, was largely a preserve of the faculty and some fellow-traveling graduate students, and I was interested to discover why that was so. In particular, I wanted to explore the role these teachers had adopted to their "normal" students and to examine with them the contradiction between that professional role and their wider political aspirations. I have taught in several universities, I've suffered the same contradiction and was unable to overcome it.

The most prominent feature of the discussion which followed, and of all the subsequent ones I've started on the same subject in similar situations, was that the faculty, to a man, still aspired to teach in elite schools. Dexter, after all, is what is popularly known as a "cow" college. A state school, it gets those students who, for lack of skill or money or interest, don't go to the main state university and couldn't "make" the liberal arts colleges in the area, even if they wanted to. Its students are very much vocationally oriented and still tied to their families. Most of them live at home.

Dexter is frequently under nuisance attack by some right-wing faction or other. It pays rather badly and is not in an attractive metropolitan area. Its library is inferior, it provides little research money, and the teaching loads are heavy. The administration is fusty and conservative, as is much of the faculty.

My faculty friends, obviously talented men and women, had not reconciled themselves to this exile. They depreciated the region, the town, the university and, especially, the students, even the graduate students. Loyalty and affection they reserved for the graduate schools from which they had come, and they reflected this feeling in their teaching and counseling by relating only to that one student in a hundred who might go on to one of those prestigious graduate schools. Those were the students who shared with them the culture of books and civility—and scorn for Dexter; who might by their success at a "good" graduate school justify the faculty's exile in Dexter.

Of course they didn't put it that way, and neither did I when I taught in similar places. They saw themselves as embattled missionaries to the culturally Philistine. They worked hard and creatively with the students who merited hope. As for the others, these men and women, in spite of their expressed scorn, nourished a vision, hesitantly ex-

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pressed, of a society in which no student would be oppressed by cultural bondage to ignorance, vocationalism, anti-intellectualism and provincialism. In fact, that attitude and hope gave rise to and was expressed in their left-wing politics.

The guests at the party were woefully ignorant of the background of their "normal" students. They were vaguely aware that most of them came from working-class families, though what that might mean aside from greater resistance to formal education they had no idea. They had no knowledge either of Dexter's militant labor traditions. This was sad, for it penalized the faculty in a number of ways. To cite an apparently trivial instance, most of the faculty present were concerned over attacks made on the university by the right wingers in town. Respect for free speech and expression had an important place in their scale of values, and they tried to convey it to their classes, using all the familiar academic examples, from HUAC witch hunting and Joe McCarthy, to Stuart Mill, Milton and Sophocles.

Yet that they might relate the principle of free expression to the problems of Wobbly agitators in the 1910s or of CIO organizers in the 1930s (or of white-collar workers in the 1970s)—in short, relate it to the actual cultural history (or future) of their own students—never occurred to them. Instead, they were put off when the students responded to the alien and seemingly irrelevant world of HUAC and Milton and academic freedom with either passive unconcern or active hostility.

I believe this example successfully characterizes how the great majority of faculty behave in schools like Dexter, including, especially, the left wing of the faculty. Socialized like all their fellows into a rigid professional role by their university, graduate school and early professional experiences, they have neither the information nor the inclination to break out of that role and relate openly and positively to the majority of their students who cannot accept the culture of the university world as their own.

University professors as a group seem exceptionally uncritical of the limited value—and values—of a university education and the acculturation it represents. In their view, a student who is really open to his classroom and other cultural experiences at the university will, as a rule, turn out to be more sophisticated, more interested in good literature, more sensitive morally than one who is less open or who has not had the benefit of college. The student will also be free of the more provincial ties of home, home town, region and class. In short, most academics take it as an article of faith that a student benefits by exchanging his own culture for that of the university. It is by far the most common campus prejudice.

And it would be harmless enough if it were limited in its sanction to those students who allow their university education to "take," who do well at university work and will go on to graduate school and then to a place within the university world or, perhaps, into some other related profession. University attitudes and values are appropriate to that world. But what about the others, the cultural rednecks, the "normal" boy and girl at a place like Dexter? Do they really profit from acquiring the attitudes, values, life style, and so forth of the peculiar culture whose institutional base is the university? One way of attacking this question is to ask to what extent those values, attitudes and life style may be usefully transferred to other institutional settings—to little towns and big cities, to industrial or agricultural life, to life in a corporation or in government.

That was about as far as we went at that party a year ago. We agreed that we were part of a university system which was actively engaged at its Dexters in destroying whatever indigenous culture might remain among the American working class. We recognized that, consciously or not, we had assumed an invidious clerical relationship to our student laity. Like medieval priests or missionaries to the heathen, we dispensed a culture to all our students, despite the fact that a scant few could participate in it. For the others, the language of that culture, like Latin to the colloquial, was grasped largely in rote phrases, its symbols and doctrines recognized but only dimly understood. To the extent that this majority of students acquired the external trappings of the university, they seemed both culturally pacified and made culturally passive. Pacified because they were acculturated away from their own historical values and traditions; passive because they could at best be spectators of a culture whose home remained an alien institution.

II

In the year that has passed since my visit to Dexter my views of the relationship of general culture to political culture have very much developed under the influence of Edward Thompson's *The Making of the English Working Class*. [See review by Norman Fruchter, *The Nation*, April 6, 1964.] I find particularly persuasive and suggestive Thompson's demonstration of how certain aspects of the general culture of the English working class, over a period of time and under the stress of events, came to support a specificially political culture—that is, to enlarge its capacity to define its social interests and to struggle successfully in their behalf. I shall cite several instances of this, for I want later to use them to illuminate the problem at Dexter from a new and, I think, hopeful standpoint.

Thompson shows that the movement into the factories in England of the late 18th and early 19th centuries was made up of two distinct streams. One was the movement of poor, dispossessed rural persons to the city and the factory in search of opportunity; the other of highly skilled, often literate craftsmen being pushed down the social and economic ladder by the new forces of industrialism and technology. The former, abruptly torn from their rural poverty, had some reason to view the change as an improvement. The cultural shock of the transition, the traditional passivity to authority, the stimulus of urban life, and the novelty of cash wages might easily have disguised for a time the exploitative nature of their place in the new factory system. The urban craftsmen, however, having a sense of their own skill and worth, with still lively guild traditions, and a strong sense of declining status and economic position, were most unlikely to think of the factory experience as a road to opportunity. They knew it for the oppression it really was. It was the meeting of

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these two groups that proved so creative for the future of the working-class movement. The skilled printers, weavers and mechanics recognized that their lot was cast with the unskilled rural migrants, and they became a creative element among the larger mass. Their literacy, their talent for organization, their family and folk memories that working people had once lived secure in their homes, livelihoods and craftsmanship, were transferred over the years to the mass of working people. But they were transferred with a radical difference. By contributing them to the cause of the entire working class, what might otherwise have been merely a narrow defense of guild interests was instead universalized into a struggle for the rights of all Englishmen, a struggle for the rights of man.

Thompson also shows how important for the new working-class movement was the experience so many workers had in the Dissenting Churches. Men and women who, over the years, had learned to contend with the problems of maintaining a minister's salary, keeping up the church and parsonage, administering an active religious and social program, and organizing regional church activities were able to apply these skills to nascent working-class organizations. Of particular importance was their long experience of persecution at the hands of the Church of England. Both ministers and congregations had learned how to preserve their churches and beliefs in the face of official hostility and repression. Thus when Pitt, Burke and their successors attempted to destroy the new workingmen's organizations, these were able to go underground, preserving their organizations, maintaining their programs and extending their networks throughout the country.

Still another general cultural factor cited by Thompson as a primary support for the growing working-class movement was the belief among the English lower classes that they were "freeborn Englishmen." The phrase had no precise meaning, but it was habitually called into play to criticize or resist any arbitrary act against the populace and its organizations, any claim to special place by the upper classes, any innovation in government control over the speech, writing, travels or associations of the common people. It was a useful and eminently flexible weapon in the hands of the working-class movement against the power of the capitalists and the wiles of Edmund Burke.

What makes Thompson's work of more than antiquarian interest is the suggestive analogy it offers to situations such as that at Dexter. There is a double movement into such universities today, somewhat as there was a double movement into the factories of England two centuries ago. On the one hand, a flood of lower-class young people is moving into these universities, seeking entrée into the old independent professional middle class which university attendance supposedly affords. It is necessary to add "supposedly," for passage through a non-elite university no longer qualifies one for that kind of life. The jobs for which the Dexters and the junior colleges prepare students are elementary and secondary teaching, the lower levels of social work, white-collar hire, petty management—that is, employments which were once semi-professional, but which now are being rapidly industrialized by bureaucracy, managerial science and the IBM machine. Thus the lower-class boys or girls who go to Dexter only appear to escape from the world of industry; they are really taking the first vocational step into a new kind of industrial life.

The second movement into such institutions as Dexter is of a gifted minority of educated persons, who identify with the values, accomplishments and prestige of elite professions, but are forced by the economics of academic employment to take positions they consider beneath their skills, their sense of worth and accomplishment, their lively memories of the recent past.

But here the analogy with Thompson's English working class begins to break down, for these latter specifically and pointedly refuse to make common cause with the lower-class students with whom they share daily existence. This gifted Left minority does not help the students to develop an effective and vital popular political culture. On the contrary, it often occupies the vanguard of a university culture which, as I suggested above and now wish to argue more fully, pacifies lower-class students.

III

The most obvious political characterization of university culture is that it lives by, and presents to its students, the values and attitudes appropriate to its own upper-middle-class life style—a style that is part of the older, now declining, professional middle classes. As indicated above, a university education did once promise membership in the professional classes. This meant that university graduates could ordinarily expect a life of considerable social and economic independence, some measure of personal influence in local business and political communities, significant autonomy and initiative in carrying out their daily work, and thus the possibility of enjoying the pride that follows from personal accomplishment and craftsmanship.

Could it be clearer that no such life awaits the graduates of the nation's Dexters? Today a degree from a second- or third-line institution is a passport to a life style of high consumption and of reasonable job security. But it will probably be an industrial life style, characterized by social and economic dependence on a large institution, by little or no political or social influence, and by participation in rationalized work processes wherein one must try merely "to get by and not step on anybody's toes." Consider, therefore, how the professionally oriented values of the university's culture might function in such an industrial environment. High on the scale of university values, now and in the past, stands the virtue of tolerance—not only personal tolerance in the face of new or differing ideas, attitudes and values but the belief that tolerance itself is of greater personal and social value than the substance of almost any set of creeds. Such a value was useful in the professional worlds of the past, for it would normally help diminish conflict in a middle class made up of highly autonomous individuals. And in elite circles even today it diminishes the weight assigned to ideological differences and helps to harmonize the social and political relations of our pluralistic, semi-autonomous industrial, educational, government and other managers. It carries the advantage, too, that it opens managers to the merits of technological

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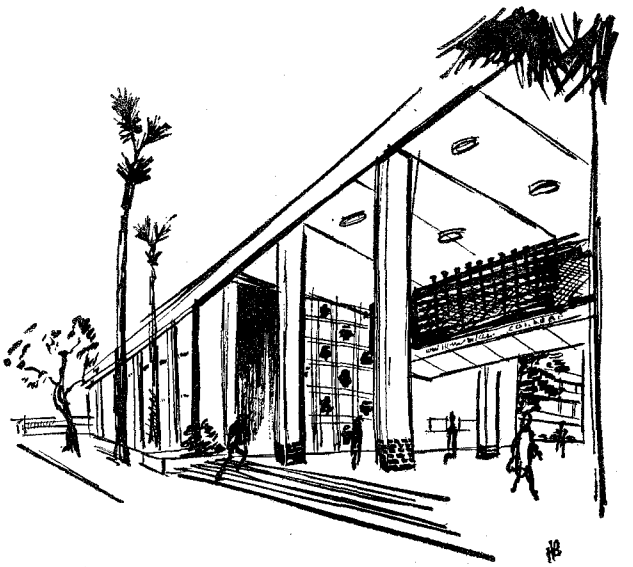
and organizational novelty in a political economy strongly oriented to such innovations.

But how does this belief function for the young men and women of Dexter, who will normally occupy the lower and middle levels of great institutional bureaucracies, and who may have reason to resist those very same innovations: speed-up, compulsory overtime, more and more alienating work processes, forced transfer to another city or region, institutional propaganda, Muzak and the other normal tyrannies of personnel managers? Is it a value that helps them to initiate or continue those collective struggles which are necessary to defend or enhance their interests; or does it rob them of the moral and ideological assurance which must support the beliefs of people who challenge the social legitimacy and retributive power of authority?

A second political aspect of university culture is its almost uniform hostility to the institutions of local and community life. Many churches, fraternities, veterans' associations, councils and boards upon which local and community life in America is built are havens of the narrowest sorts of provincialism, racism, intellectual baiting, babbittry and jingoism. For these reasons, and for reasons having to do with the demands of the national economy for college-trained persons, the tendency of university experience is to propel the young away from local and community life and toward national life and its institutions. A result of the university's liberalism, cosmopolitanism and technologism, this tendency is supported by the national culture, by the students themselves, and by their parents.

But it should be combated by those, like my friends at Dexter, who are interested in building mass resistance to the prevailing currents of American life. A young person from Dexter, unless extraordinarily gifted or fortunate, has almost no means of gaining influence in national politics. And to the extent that university culture directs great masses of lower- and lower-middle-class young people into the institutions of national rather than local and community life, it assists in disenfranchising them from political influence. Of course, the conventional representatives of university culture argue that the decline of local politics and local institutions is inevitable, given the institutional needs of 20th-century industry and government, the gradual nationalization of American life, and the march of technology—i.e., liberalism, cosmopolitanism and technologism. But we should begin to question whether this inevitability amounts to more than advantageous prejudice. For the kind of society which these university spokesmen describe as inevitable appears to be coincidentally one in which the Ph.D. takes its place with property and birth as a means to political influence and social status.

Similarly, the ignorance, racism and the like which characterize so much of local life should not put us off. Given the preoccupation of the Left, over the past epoch, with national rather than local concerns and institutions, it is not surprising that local America has become a playpen of unchallenged right-wing attitudes, persons and organizations. Of course, one could not expect, even under the best conditions, that the life style of local America will rival the faculty club in gentility, civility, humanist learning and other caricatures of university life. But that



is not its test, any more than the theological elegance of the Dissenting Churches was the test of their usefulness to a struggling movement of ordinary Englishmen. Those who are today concerned about a different kind of economic barbarism and a similar kind of world-wide crusade should draw the appropriate lessons.

A third political aspect of university culture is its latent hostility to two of the more valuable and humane realities in current popular culture. One cannot move around this country without being impressed by its egalitarianism, that is the depth and vitality of the ordinary American's feeling that he is as good as the next fellow. And the other reality so important in our popular culture is the well-nigh universal belief among our people that they possess an extraordinary range and variety of substantive rights. Like the belief in "the freeborn Englishmen," the belief in substantive rights is often vague and contradictory. Nevertheless, the history of popular political movements is the history of ordinary people acting in behalf of what they believe to be their substantive rights.

It would be too much to say that the university's culture is uniformly hostile to these popular realities, for the situation is ambiguous. However, it is not difficult to identify important hostile tendencies. Thus in contrast to the normal American acceptance of the principle of equality, the professoriat strongly values formalized differences of age, academic rank, scholarly reputation and, it may even be, accomplishment. The effect of this sort of deference is somewhat difficult to gauge and it may be tendentious on my part to believe that it influences student attitudes on legitimacy, authority and equality. Perhaps the issue is instead that university men and women, by failing to provide a living example of egalitarian relationships, merely fail to make common cause with the American people in their resistance to the hierarchic tendencies implicit in the social and economic system.

A more secure case can be made against the disposition in the university world to identify right not with substantive but with procedural matters. Peter Gay expressed this position in the Summer 1968 issue of *Partisan Review*:

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". . . democracy is essentially procedural and what matters is not so much (important though it may be) what a given policy is as how it is arrived at. . . ." Persons as fortunately placed as Professor Gay, whose substantive rights are well established in easily available procedures, have an understandable tendency to overlook the fact that, for example, tenure, sabbaticals, choice of hours, and freedom of expression on the job—are virtually unknown outside the academic world. Obviously there are other, important and thorny issues here as well. Without going into them at any length, note that the test of Professor Gay's remark is its fidelity to historical fact. From that point of view, it tends to obscure the fact that the great libertarian and democratic turning point in postwar American political history, a turning point with great promise still, came not from the narrow defense of procedural rights by academic and other liberals against Joe McCarthy in the 1950s but from the assertion of substantive rights in the 1960s by mass movements of students, blacks, professors and ordinary Americans.

The students at Dexter, and a great part of their countrymen, rightly view the liberal and academic preference for procedural right as a defense of privileges which they themselves are denied. Many view the principle of academic freedom, for example, as they view some of the laws of property. It is a tricky device which enables professors to do things, like criticize the dean or the country, for which ordinary people can be fired; just as the law of property is a tricky device which enables installment houses and loan companies to do things for which ordinary people can be sent to jail. The goal is not to do away with academic freedom, or any other hard-won libertarian procedure. A better approach would be to shape a university culture which would help to extend Professor Gay's tenure, sabbaticals, and freedom of expression on the job to everyone, on campus and off.

The existence of hostile tendencies toward egalitarianism and the primacy of substantive right is very much related to still a fourth political aspect of university culture. Even though the university is the home and source of much of the libertarian ideology within our culture, it is often the source of authoritarian ideology as well. I have two cases in mind. The first has to do with the extensive commitment to technologism found among many faculty members. A considerable body of university opinion believes with Zbigniew Brzezinski that the promises of modern technology demand for their social realization a society characterized by "equal opportunity for all but . . . special opportunity for the singularly talented few." The evasiveness of the formula should not be allowed to obscure the authoritarian social and political processes which are envisioned and justified by it—processes today best exemplified in the area of national security, where the equal voting opportunities of all are nullified by the special bureaucratic opportunities open to a singularly talented few. The second of the university's authoritarian ideologies I call clericism. To borrow from Brzezinski's formula, it is the claim to "equal cultural rights for all, but special cultural authority for a singularly scholarly few." I refer to the still widespread (but declining) academic belief that, whatever else culture may include, it also includes the Western Heritage, the Western Tradition, the Literary Tradition, the traditions of reason and civility, etc., and that these are most fully embodied in the profession of academe and the written treasures of which academe is priestly custodian and inspired interpreter.

This principle underlies faculty sovereignty over curricular matters, justifies any and every required course, oppresses first-year graduate students, and received its most prosaic formulation in the observation by Columbia's vice dean of the graduate facilities that ". . . whether students vote 'yes' or 'no' on an issue is like telling me they like strawberries." Clericism and technologism have their good points; no one wishes seriously to derogate either the social or the moral value of good scholarship or competent technology. But as principles under which to organize cultural or political life they are distinctly hostile to the interests of great numbers of non-elite students, the social classes from which they are drawn, and especially the social classes they will constitute when they leave the university. For clericism and technologism, like the doctrines of apostolic succession and of property which they tend to replace, transposé major areas of social concern from the purview of all to the treasure house of the few. Culture, no less than politics, is a critical factor in the nature of social organization; in the distribution of power, reward and status; in the infliction of powerlessness, oppression and despair. This is becoming increasingly understood with regard to politics, where ten years of war, urban decay and increasing social chaos seem to have been the fruit of the same decade's obeisance to technology's claims. But I am not persuaded that clericist depredations on culture are similarly recognized.

As I think was made clear at the start of this essay, the faculty at Dexter did not feel called upon to know the specific cultural history and experiences of the students they taught. Neither they nor anyone in the academic profession consider it their task to use their own superior symbolic gifts and wider historical perspective to identify the specific historical culture of their students, to clarify its ambiguities, to criticize it, purging it of its moral (not geographical) provincialism, and thus to assist the students to develop a culture which is at once personally ennobling and politically self-conscious. On the contrary, at Dexter and elsewhere the faculty assume that it is their duty to replace the students' actual culture wih an alien culture. Missionaries from these graduate schools, like clergy from colonial empires everywhere and in every time, feel confident that what they bring is good for the natives and will improve them in the long run. In culture, as elsewhere, this is manifestly not so.

Consider the matter of historical traditions. No acculturation worth the name should be permitted to block the transmission of Dexter's militant working-class traditions. Even granting, as is probably the case, that only a small minority of the Dexter students are children of depression workers or the earlier Wobblies, to assist, even if only negatively, in destroying these traditions is to minimize for most of the students the opportunity to discover the reasons for their attitudes on a score of moral and social

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questions, the reality of their social lives, and the possibility of rebuilding a more humane culture in Dexter for their own advantage. White intelligentsia recognize this danger when they peer across cultural lines at blacks or Vietnamese; why are they so blinded by the class lines of their own society? It should come as no surprise, therefore, that the anti-intellectualism of the students is often as deep and as bitter as the hatred exhibited by other colonial peoples toward foreigners and their works.

A university culture which related positively and creatively to the traditions and history of the working classes, blue collar and white collar, would find allies not only among the hippies and the leftists of Smith and Williams but from the squares of Dexter as well.

What is particularly disturbing about cultural pacification in the university is that it is not entirely an accidental phenomenon. At least since Herbert Croly's *Promise of American Life* (1909), America's dominant historians have been strongly nationalist, more interested in discovering and celebrating the American essence or character, the national mainstream, consensus or moral epic, or the peculiar quality of our national integration, than in emphasizing its divisions, especially those based on class. It has often crossed my mind that when liberal historians two decades hence write the chronicle of the Southern freedom movement of the early 1960s or of the anti-Vietnamese War movement of today, they will find imaginative and persuasive reasons to show that the first was really part of the New Frontier and the second of the Great Society. It was thus that their predecessors have managed to reduce the richness and variety of popular revolt in the 1930s to the bureacratic dimensions of a Washington-based "New Deal."

Fortunately, some of the younger historians, such as Staughton Lynd and Jesse Lemisch, have begun to undermine the epic poetry of the Crolyites by reviving interest in the history of popular insurgency in America. Thus they have created the possibility that at least at some universities young people will be reacquainted with the real diversity and conflict of their past. More than that, and without exaggerating its importance or extent, this new scholarship provides a point of departure for a fundamentally different university culture than the one I have been describing.

IV

Faced with the vast social diversity of America and in opposition to the variety and strength of its Populist traditions, the thrust of university culture is to pacify its working-class "natives" and thus, I believe, to help preclude any fundamental change in national politics and priorities. Because of the surge of rebellion on campus since last spring, it is likely that this is understood better now among faculty than it was at the time I visited Dexter. But many university men and women, comparing the university's cultural values to those of industry, the mass media and the military, or to the restless hostility of lower- and working-class America, remain partisans and priests of academe, convinced that for all its faults it is, at least minimally, a humane alternative to its rivals.

The analogy I began earlier to the work of Edward Thompson points in a more hopeful and, I think, more realistic direction. A survey of recent campus rebellions would show that it is no longer only the Harvards and the Berkeleys which suffer serious student unrest; some of the most interesting and militant activity occurs at the non-elite schools. In addition, scores of young men and women continue to be exiled by their elite graduate schools into a lifetime of work in the non-elite universities. The narrowest interests of these teachers and their most lofty professional and political aspirations lie in the same direction. It is to take up the task, in common with their students, of rebuilding the vitality of a popular resistance culture—that is, of a culture which will "enhance the capacity of ordinary Americans to identify their social interests and to struggle successfully in their behalf."

This is not a task which individuals can successfully undertake in isolation, nor one whose champions will be free of serious reprisal at the hands of university and political authorities. Nevertheless, there are already a handful of campuses where the work has begun, in critical universities, liberation courses, seminars in local and working-class history, student-taught courses for faculty, and research projects on local and campus decision making. It remains for others to add to these hopeful beginnings.

BIAFRA: WAR OF IMAGES

STANLEY MEISLER
Mr. Meisler, Africa correspondent for the Los Angeles Times, *was formerly deputy director of the Office of Evaluation and Research in the Peace Corps.*

Nairobi

Images play as important a role as guns in the Nigerian civil war. The Biafran secessionists, among Africa's most sophisticated peoples, have known from the beginning that their chances for success depended as much on evoking world sympathy as on holding back the federal army. Now, after twenty months of war, it is clear that the Biafrans have been far more adept at propaganda than soldiering. If they survive in some sovereign form, they will owe it to their skill with images.

Part of the Biafran success in public relations stems from the federal Nigerian Government's failure at it. At the beginning, the Nigerians made absolutely no intelligent effort to get their point of view across. In fact, the government's publicists often hurt the Nigerian case as

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much as they helped it. Many officials of the Ministry of Information were new at their job. Before the troubles, the top information officers had been Ibos, but they fled to their tribal home in eastern Nigeria soon after thousands of Ibos were massacred in northern Nigeria in September, 1966. When the eastern region seceded and called itself Biafra in May, 1967, these civil servants remained there.

Besides lacking experience, the new Nigerian information officers also had the disadvantage of working for a military government. The soldiers who ran Nigeria, unlike the politicians before the coups of 1966, were unaccustomed to journalistic glare and annoyed by it. In early 1967, I asked A. K. Disu, the federal Director of Information, for an interview with Maj. Gen. Yakubu Gowon, the federal military ruler. Disu responded with raucous laughter. I then asked for interviews with other top officials of the goverment. "Just go back to your hotel room and read the local papers," Disu said.

The federal government also began to censor outgoing press cables, a practice that embittered foreign correspondents. Cables sometimes disappeared. Key paragraphs were sometimes slashed, all without newsmen being told what was happening to their stories. On the night the civil war began, the censor cut from my story all sentences that contained the expression "civil war." The Nigerians had decided that their invasion of Biafra was the start of a "police action," *not* a civil war. The censorship accomplished little except to force the foreign correspondents to waste time figuring out ingenious ways of by-passing the censor. The bad feeling grew so intense and obvious that the government finally announced an end of censorship—though it kept right on censoring.

In recent months, important civilian officials of the government, like Commissioner of Information Anthony Enahoro, have tried to make the government more cooperative. But the inefficiency of the lesser bureaucrats still seems to get in the way. In a half-dozen trips to Nigeria, I have not yet been granted an interview with General Gowon.

The Nigerians have a strong moral case for unity. If Nigeria broke up, the numerous minority tribes would become oppressed in three tribal states run by the large tribes; in a unified Nigeria, the small tribes can unite at the center and have at least as much power as the large tribes. But the situation is complex, and the Nigerians have done a poor job explaining it.

The Biafrans, on the other hand, have a stark and emotional case to explain, and they have made the most of it. The Ibos believe there is no security for them in Nigeria. The massacres in 1966 and the continual bombing of civilians by Nigerian planes have convinced their leaders that Nigeria is bent on humbling and shattering and perhaps wiping out the Ibo people. The Ibos believe that life under the other tribes of Nigeria would be oppressive and that the continued resistance of the Ibos in the face of mass killing and starvation is proof that they are a determined, united people who deserve sovereignty. This is a powerful and persuasive argument, but no more so than the argument of the Africans of southern Sudan who have been trying for years to win their independence from the ruling Arabs of northern Sudan. Yet hardly anyone outside the Sudan cares about the southern Sudanese. Unlike the Biafrans, the southern Sudanese do not know how to sell their argument.

One of the key Ibo salesmen has been their leader, Lt. Col. Chukwuemeka Odumegwu Ojukwu, Oxford-educated and the son of one of the wealthiest men in Nigeria. The 35-year-old Ojukwu is a witty, sophisticated and romantic leader. Unlike the military leaders of the rest of Nigeria, he is a colorful politician with a flair for drama. Sometimes, however, he hurts himself by talking too much. At the Addis Ababa peace conference last August, he made a striking impact in his opening speech before Emperor Haile Selassie by repeating the same words that the Emperor had used in protesting to the League of Nations about the Italian invasion of Ethiopia in 1935. He then dissipated the impact by droning on for more than two hours.

A number of foreign correspondents find him egotistical and unrealistic. And some get annoyed by his air of faint contempt when he feels their questions are too foolish for him to answer. But, in general, he is a frank, logical, persuasive man with a good sense of humor and a good sense of news. Most correspondents find him accessible, informative and very quotable.

Ojukwu is well served by the civil servants around him, and these young men, both in the Ministry of Information and in the other ministries, are an important reason why Biafra has been able to get its story out to the rest of the world. The young Biafran officials that foreign newsmen meet are helpful, friendly, well educated and efficient. With a professional competence worthy of Madison Avenue, they set up interviews with Ojukwu and other leaders on a few hours' notice, arrange transportation throughout what's left of Biafra, rush news copy out through Biafra's Telex line to Geneva, cater to the whims of the visitors, and allow newsmen enough free rein to make them feel they are being assisted, not collared and smothered.

Sometimes they falter. Isolated from the outside world, a few imagine falsely that the press of the world is against them. Foolish, insulting remarks are sometimes made. In addition, there has been a good deal of reluctance lately to allow visitors close to the fighting. Now that the Biafrans have new stocks of arms, they seem more fearful of letting military secrets slip away. But, despite these problems, the Biafran officials far excel the Nigerian officials in public relations.

Partly this comes from experience. The Nigerian novelists who once staffed the federal Nigerian Ministry of Information are now working in Biafra. But mostly it comes from the efficiency and Western ways that have long been characteristic of educated Ibo people. The Ibos have been one of the few tribes in Africa to accept modernization wholeheartedly and they have made a convincing go of it. They have adopted the best of Western ways quickly and thoroughly.

As soon as its troubles began, the Biafran Government saw the need for an outside public relations firm to

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deal with foreign editors and correspondents. At first, they hired Robert S. Goldstein Enterprises of Los Angeles for a reported $400,000 but later switched to the firm of H. William Bernhardt in Geneva. His fee has not been publicized. Bernhardt puts out the Markpress News Feature Service which almost daily issues a news bulletin from Biafra. Most of it is exaggerated puffing about imagined Biafran military victories, but it does offer some factual information—the latest speech of Ojukwu, for example, or the latest total of Catholic relief supplies.

But, more important, Bernhardt arranges the trips of foreign newsmen into Biafra and then makes sure that their Telexed copy is forwarded from his Geneva office to their newspapers. Since Biafra is so isolated and has limited representation abroad, newsmen would have a chaotic time reaching the area if they did not have an outside contact man. Bernhardt himself is a quiet, pleasant, dapper American who never tries to pressure newsmen. Newsmen enjoy his company, and he often can be found with them in restaurants and bars.

Despite his important role, it would be wrong to look on Bernhardt as the all-powerful image maker behind Biafran secession. The Biafrans hardly treat him as such. At the Kampala, Niamey and Addis Ababa peace conferences, they practically ignored him. When Biafran information officials are around, they take charge.

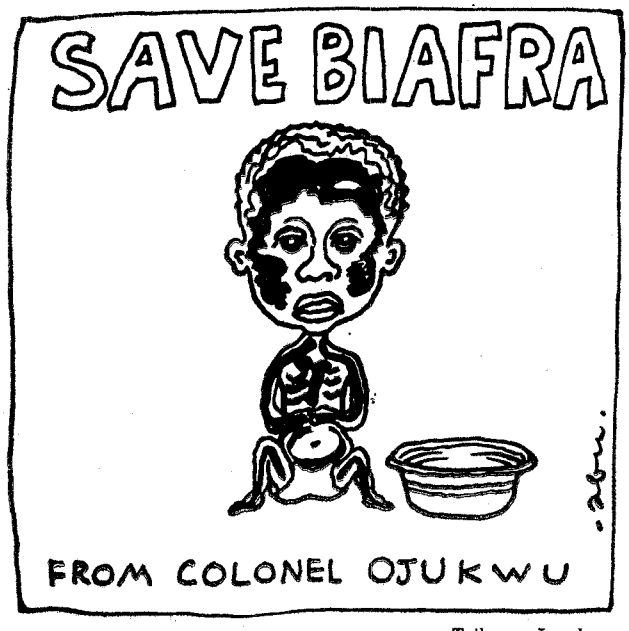
Biafra has had another, stronger proponent overseas in the Roman Catholic Church. There is no doubt that the Catholic Church and Catholic organizations have sympathy for Biafra and a special interest in it. There are perhaps 3 or 4 million Catholics in Biafra, three times as many as in the rest of Nigeria. A visitor to Biafra soon finds the foreign priests there heavily committed to the Biafran cause. Though born in Ireland, most of the priests say "we" when they talk of Biafrans. Some relive the Irish Rebellion. "Listen," one told me, "I led a rebellion in my country in 1916. We lost that militarily, but we won our independence in 1922."

The Biafrans have pointed to their heavy Catholic and, in fact, Protestant numbers as proof that the Moslems of northern Nigeria are engaged in a religious war against them. That is a great exaggeration and oversimplification. But, as one priest told me, "I don't believe this is a religious war, but I do believe the work of the Church here will come to an end if the Biafrans lose this war."

Fearful of losing one of their strongholds in Africa and intensely sympathetic to the Ibo people they know so well, Catholic officials have done a great deal to whip up emotion for Biafra throughout the world and get help to the besieged land. Priests have left Biafra to publicize the Biafran cause in Europe and the United States. Several have manned various points on the air route of supply from Lisbon and Sao Tome. The church was one of the first to cry out for a relief operation and one of the first to organize one in the face of Nigerian resistance. At the beginning, Caritas Internationalis, the Catholic Relief Organization, by paying for the illegal flights that carried food and medicine to Biafra, may inadvertently have paid some of the freight charges for arms as well.

Since last September, according to Bishop Joseph Whelan of Biafra, Caritas Internationalis and the World Council of Churches have airlifted 10,000 tons of supplies into Biafra. That heavy relief operation is a direct result of the early pressure for help by the Catholic Church.

Catholic sympathy for Biafra has angered the Nigerians and provoked them into sensational accusations. Recently the Lagos newspapers accused Caritas Internationalis of recruiting 200 mercenaries and financing their trip to Biafra. Father Raymond Kennedy, a former priest in Biafra who now spends a good deal of time publicizing



Tribune, London

the Biafran cause in the United States, was named director of the operation. The accusation seemed as farfetched as it was shrill.

Some resentment, or at least suspicion, has also cropped up in the United States lately as the Biafran cause has received increasing publicity. For one thing, supporters of Biafra sometimes seem strange bedfellows. They include extreme right wingers as well as liberals, and some cynics assume Catholicism must be the unifying force. At the end of last year, C. Stanley Lowell, the editor of *Church and State*, said: "The concerted public relations campaign being waged by Roman Catholic organizations on behalf of the Biafran secessionists is amazing. Working every propaganda trick known to man, they are seeking to arouse political support for Biafra on humanitarian grounds. Yet it should be evident that responsibility for starving and suffering in the eastern provinces of Nigeria is not that of Nigeria but of the Biafran leader, the Roman Catholic Colonel Ojukwu." *Church and State* is the publication of Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State, and Lowell's comments reflect a certain blindness caused by the organization's main preoccupation. The fact that the State Department supports Nigeria, and the Catholic Church supports Biafra, should not force believers in Church-State separation to line up with the State Department and Nigeria. In this case, the Catholics are right.

Biafra's greatest public relations problem has come

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with the mass starvation that has afflicted it in the past six months. The International Red Cross estimates that 14,000 people die of malnutrition or starvation every day. Like Stanley Lowell, the State Department has accused Ojukwu of sacrificing these thousands of children, mothers and old folk for a hopeless cause. Critics suspect that the Biafrans are parading their starving to evoke sympathy. As the London *Sunday Times* said last October, "The expensive public relations campaign has now become an unashamed exploitation of human suffering."

The criticism of Ojukwu stems from his refusal to (*1*) give up; (*2*) allow Red Cross supplies to reach Biafra by land; and (*3*) allow Red Cross flights to Biafra during daylight. The first criticism can be dismissed quickly. It makes sense to the State Department that Ojukwu surrender to save his starving because the State Department believes that Biafra has been, for all practical purposes, defeated. But it makes no sense to Ojukwu since he believes that time is on Biafra's side.

The other two criticisms are harder to assess. Ojukwu makes a persuasive case that a relief land route would allow the Nigerian army access to roads that it now claims to control but in fact controls only intermittently. He makes another persuasive case that daylight flights might enable Nigerians to slip planes into a Biafran airfield during a relief operation. There is no such problem with night relief flights because Nigeria's Egyptian jet pilots refuse to fly at night.

To my mind, these arguments are fairly good ones; embattled Biafra is obviously in no mood to allow any military advantage to the Nigerians in the name of relief. At the same time, I sense another argument in the minds of Colonel Ojukwu and his associates. It is possible that they are gambling that the horror of mass starvation and death will generate enough world pressure to force Nigeria into a cease-fire agreement. With a cease-fire, the Biafrans believe they could salvage some of their secession and sovereignty at a peace conference. In short, the starving may be Biafran hostages for a cease-fire.

I do not believe this is just callous disregard for the lives of thousands; but given the Biafran feeling that surrender may mean death and the Biafran fear that Nigerian relief overtures are a trap, Ojukwu and the men around him are not above trying to milk as much sympathy as they can out of their people's plight. Moreover, the Biafrans believe the Nigerians, not the Biafrans, are the cause of all the starvation, and see no reason why the Biafrans have to make concessions for relief. If the Nigerians turn down the Biafran proposals on relief operations, then more pictures of starving babies will appear in the newspapers of Britain and America.

Callous though it may seem, the Biafran maneuver is, in fact, a good gamble. There is growing pressure in the United States, including the Congress, for America to move in and mount an enormous relief operation of its own to save the starving. If President Nixon did allow such an operation, the decision might have political overtones. The logistics of a relief project that large might in itself force both sides into a cease-fire. Or, if it did not, it might force the U.S. Government finally to take the side of those trying to pressure the British and the Nigerians into stopping the fighting.

That might give the Biafrans what they are holding out for—to sit at a conference table without the pressure of the Nigerian forces on them. If so, it would be a triumph of Biafran will, spirit and public relations.

MANKIND'S FOULED NEST

Oil on the Waters

EDWARD COWAN
Mr. Cowan, a foreign correspondent for The New York Times, *now based in Toronto, covered the wreck of the* Torrey Canyon *for that paper and wrote of it in greater detail in* Oil and Water: The Torrey Canyon Disaster *(Lippincott).*

The escape of oil from Union Oil's offshore well opposite Santa Barbara, Calif., and the subsequent chain of events, political and natural, should be read as an object lesson in humility. The leak, the difficulties in plugging it, and the quick dashing of hopes that the shore line would be spared serious pollution, are all reminders that man has repeatedly and injuriously lost control of his own inventions, usually when he least expected to.

Fred J. Hartley, the aggressive marketing man who is president of Union Oil Company of California (record 1968 profits of $151.2 million on $1.9 billion of sales), argued that the eruption that produced the leak could not reasonably have been anticipated. Perhaps not. Nor could the loss of a hydrogen bomb over Spain. Nor the 1965 Northeast power failure. Nor the stranding two years ago of the supertanker *Torrey Canyon*, whose captain ran her onto a well-marked granite reef off England in broad daylight, causing the biggest shipwreck and oil pollution ever. Nor, just a year after that, the stranding and breakup of another Liberian flag tanker, the *Ocean Eagle*, at the entrance to San Juan harbor—hardly an uncharted shoal.

Surely no one could reasonably have expected in November, 1968, that an oil barge carrying more than 1 million gallons of heavy fuel oil would be torn loose from its tow by rough weather and grounded on Rehoboth Beach, Del., where Washingtonians soak up the summer sun. Or that, also last November, a Standard Oil of California hose would rupture and let 60,000 gallons of diesel

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oil pour into Humboldt Bay, not far from Eureka, Calif.

Who could reasonably be called on to anticipate that a 365-foot tanker would break in two in the Panama Canal in December, 1968, losing some of its cargo of fuel oil? Or that two days before Christmas, the little tanker *Mary A. Whalen* would run aground off Rockaway Point, N.Y., on the south shore of Long Island, hard by New York City's most heavily used stretch of beaches? Or that on Christmas Day Japanese authorities would have to close the Naruto Strait because of the danger to ships from gasoline that had escaped from a grounded tanker?

Who might reasonably be expected to warn the Coast Guard that quantities of what appeared to be heavy fuel oil would wash up onto the Rhode Island coast on Inauguration Day, 1969—but that there would be no clue to the ship or shore plant from which it escaped?

As any lawyer can quickly point out, there are differences in the origins of these several disasters which are worth defining if one is concerned about writing useful public policy. There are acts of God, such as violent storms; there is human error, such as putting a tanker on a known reef; there is the inevitable breakdown in any man-made mechanical system, such as the tendency of tankers with riveted sides (a construction technique largely discontinued about six years ago, according to one expert) to ooze oil around the rivets. That leakage may be only a barrel a day, but a barrel of crude oil, thick and persistent stuff, may be more than a drop in the ocean. In the Rehoboth Beach incident, the barge that was washed ashore lost, from a pipe that broke, a quantity of oil described by Interior Department officials as "very small," somewhere from 5 to 30 barrels. That "very small" dose of heavy oil, according to the officials, "marked" 2 to 3 miles of beach and caused substantial pollution to about three blocks of beach front.

Looking back over the two years since the *Torrey Canyon* disaster alerted the public and governments to the dangers inherent in the transportation of vast quantities of crude oil, it is startling to observe how many pollution incidents and near misses there have been; the list just recited is far from exhaustive.

It was instructive, for example, to learn from a trade publication this winter of two tanker casualties off southern Africa in the spring of 1968. On April 29, about 3 miles off the Cape of Good Hope, the *Esso Essen* struck an underwater obstruction and cut herself open at three points. She lost about 30,000 barrels of Arabian heavy crude oil. ESSO said it applied its new dispersant, Corexit, "with great success." In the other reported casualty, the tanker *Andron*, whose owner is listed as a Greek company, split a seam in heavy seas. After discharging her cargo of Kuwait crude, she underwent temporary repairs at Durban, reloaded the oil, resumed her voyage for Venice, and sank about 10 miles off Southwest Africa. Exactly what happened to her cargo of about 16,000 tons (117,000 barrels) is not fully known but there are only two possibilities; immediate or gradual pollution of the sea.

In short, with the world's consumption of petroleum products—in homes, factories, office buildings, schools, chemical plants, aircraft, ships, motor vehicles and electric generating stations—increasing by 7.5 per cent a year (it is now seven times what it was in 1938), the waterborne shipment of oil has become an industry in itself. Twenty-five years ago, the *T-2*, workhorse tanker of World War II, carried about 16,000 tons. By the early 1960s, Japanese shipyards, emerging as the world's busiest, were building ships to carry more than 100,000 tons and were "stretching" smaller ships. The *Torrey Canyon*, for example, built at Newport News, Va., to carry 67,000 tons, was jumboized in Japan to carry 118,000 tons. By keeping her original power plant and propulsion system, the most expensive part of a tanker, the *Torrey Canyon*, at only a slight sacrifice of speed, nearly doubled her delivery capacity. The saving worked out to roughly a penny a barrel. Show any international oil company how to add a penny a barrel to profits and it can make you very rich by cutting you in for only a few daubs of the extra icing.

Los Angeles Times

Oil Depletion Allowance

The same economic logic lifted tanker size to 312,000 tons by 1968 with the launching of the *Universe Ireland*, first of six such ships to be operated by Gulf. Last November the Japanese yard that built her, Ishikawajima-Harima Heavy Industries Co., got an order for a 370,000-tonner, to cost between $22 million and $25 million. Disputing some industry experts, the buyer, Tokyo Tanker Co., said it thought that economies of scale would persist as capacity approached 500,000 tons.

The 370,000-ton tanker will carry three times as much oil as did the *Torrey Canyon*. The 50,000 tons or more of oil that she spilled contaminated 140 miles of English coast and a considerable stretch of Brittany's northern shore, 110 miles from the wreck.

Could a *Torrey Canyon* disaster occur again? Like to-

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day's new supertankers, she was well made and equipped with modern navigational aids. She stranded solely as the result of her captain's bad seamanship—an "aberration," one expert mariner called the performance. If it seemed too incredible to happen more than once in a lifetime, one had only to wait a year for the captain of the *Ocean Eagle*, which split in two, to fracture her bottom on the ocean floor in front of San Juan harbor.

Britain's aerial bombing of the *Torrey Canyon* (an attempt, successful said Whitehall, to burn the oil remaining in her tanks) and the struggle by troops and civilians to remove inches of oil from beaches and harbors attracted hundreds of newsmen. Overnight, governments, editors and the public discovered how much oil a single ship can carry; how persistent, noxious and, for waterfowl, lethal, crude oil can be; how emotional can be the argument about how to clean it up, with tourism-minded merchants advocating chemicals for a quick, thorough wash, and fishermen and naturalists preferring mechanical methods; how unprepared, in law and in practical arrangements, national states are to cope with, much less put an end to, oil pollution.

In the United States, the *Torrey Canyon* episode and unrelated instances of pollution to the New Jersey and Cape Cod shores a few weeks later dramatized not only the enormity of the (infrequent) major disaster but the fact that coastal oil pollution is an everyday problem. Despite efforts of the big tanker fleets to dispose of their residues innocuously, there is a lot of clandestine bilge washing by countless freighters, trawlers and tankers.

These events fired up a mood of reform in Washington. President Johnson directed the Secretaries of Transportation and Interior to make a study of oil pollution and recommend legislation. A number of Congressmen—and lobbyists—began to gird themselves for another round in the continuing conflict between public and private interest. In London, meanwhile, an emergency session of the Inter-Governmental Maritime Consultative Organization (IMCO), a UN body, had been convened at Britain's request. It began deliberations on two conventions to supplement existing international law. One would establish the right of a state to take action against a foreign-owned ship lying offshore, but in international waters, to protect the state's coast from pollution. (Britain, despite the readiness of the Royal Navy to try to fire the leaking *Torrey Canyon* immediately, stood aside for ten days of fruitless salvage attempts, in part because there was no legal authority or precedent for destroying someone else's property on the high seas.) The other convention would establish liability of ship owners for pollution damage. With uncommon dispatch, IMCO also adopted a package of recommendations to national states on technical safety matters and on tougher enforcement of anti-pollution law.

Another aspect of the tanker business that was illuminated by the *Torrey Canyon* and *Ocean Eagle* casualties is the role of the Republic of Liberia as the world's leading country in registered merchant marine tonnage. In 1947, because of difficulties with Panamanian consuls who, owners said, sought to collect "fees" every time a Panamanian-flag ship cleared their ports, United States shipping interests were looking for a new flag of convenience (or flag of necessity, depending on how one chooses to approach the wage and tax argument). That need coincided with the engagement of the late Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., to assist Liberia's economic development. The result was the drafting by three Wall Street law firms of legislation, duly enacted in Monrovia, that put Liberia in the business of registering ships.

In the ensuing twenty years, Liberia has taken great pains to rebut trade union accusations that hers is a "runaway flag," flown by unsafe, leaky old tubs whose crews are virtually galley slaves and incompetent, too. Without getting into that argument, it can be said that the jumbo tankers which today fly the Liberian flag are well-made vessels. The African state has what seem to be exacting regulations governing seaworthiness, loading and safety equipment. It issues officers' papers either reciprocally or after an applicant passes examinations which Liberia says are tougher than those of other countries. Liberia, says Albert J. Rudick, an American lawyer who is employed full time in New York with a staff of forty as Liberian Deputy Commissioner of Maritime Affairs, tries to make a ship owner's responsibilities commensurate with the benefits (no corporate income tax) of the Liberian flag.

Nevertheless, the Liberian maritime program remains very much as it was conceived—an affair for the benefit of American ship owners and quietly managed by them and their lawyers who decide, without "benefit" of public scrutiny or debate, how to balance private and public interest. (Mr. Rudick argued that there is meaningful debate in Liberia's Congress but he was unable to name the relevant committees or their chairmen.)

When the *Torrey Canyon*'s board of investigation met, it had no rules of procedure to follow. Its mandate was a regulation for inquiries which stresses the possible negligence of the crew and thereby underplays the possible role in a casualty of the ship's mechanical condition or of acts or omissions by its owners. No wonder that the board failed to mention in its report certain things it learned about the condition and equipping of the ship—matters now very relevant to damage suits by Britain and France against the *Torrey Canyon*'s owner (a phantom Liberian corporation with head office in Bermuda) and operator, Union Oil. Nor, one supposes, is it surprising that nearly a year after the *Ocean Eagle* casualty the report of investigation had not been released by Monrovia, where, it was explained, they have been very busy this winter celebrating William V.S. Tubman's twenty-fifth anniversary as President.

Similarly, Liberia has not released for discussion changes in its laws and regulations, soon to be put into effect. Surely, the maritime rules of the foremost "seafaring nation" are of interest outside Monrovia; but, except in Wall Street where the proposed changes were drafted, they are generally unknown.

The overriding issue posed by the *Torrey Canyon* disaster, the *Ocean Eagle* episode, the eruption of the well opposite Santa Barbara, and lesser instances of pollution is that of responsibility. Shall a tanker, drilling rig, shore installation (e.g., refinery, trans-shipment terminal, depot,

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etc.) or other oil facility be responsible for damage done by its oil? Shall it be responsible absolutely, that is, regardless of whether or not it is at fault, or only if negligent? And if liable shall it pay the full damages, or only up to a limited amount?

The questions are being debated in London at IMCO meetings of legal experts and in Washington in hearings before the subcommittee on air and water pollution of the Senate Public Works Committee. One of the conventions that IMCO experts hope will be completed at Brussels next November would deal with the liability of tankers for oil damage. The Brussels conference will have to decide how sweeping the liability shall be. A slight majority of the deliberating nations, including the United States, is said to favor absolute liability. More likely, the process of accommodation will produce liability based on fault, with the burden of proof on the ship.

The amount of liability will be limited, partly because it traditionally has been and partly because of the expense and difficulties of getting insurance for unlimited liability. How high the limitation should be will also be resolved at the conference. The United States has proposed two to four times the 1957 liability convention limit of $67 a gross registered ton, with a maximum of $15 million. (Washington has never signed that convention.) The International Maritime Committee, a small, little-known, powerful Antwerp-based network of lawyers, which has drafted several important maritime conventions, is expected to press for its 1957 formula or not much more. Undoubtedly, all opening positions on this point were taken for bargaining purposes. The issue may be argued as one of how much damage can be reasonably expected, with cleanup costs from various spills offered in evidence. At bottom, it is a matter of tanker owners and operators trying to minimize their extra insurance costs. Washington estimates the convention may add 10 per cent to a tanker's normal insurance costs, or about 2 per cent to operating costs. A 2 per cent rise in operating costs in any business is not trivial.

The same question has arisen before the Senate subcommittee, which is considering legislation (S.7) sponsored by its chairman, Senator Muskie. It would, among other things, authorize the government to clean up oil spills in inland and territorial waters and require the tanker to pay the costs. The legislation proposes a limit of $450 a ton up to $15 million. Asserting that these levels would "amount to a denial of ship owners' right to limitation of liability," the Maritime Law Association of the United States, representing some 2,000 admiralty lawyers (who generally work for ship owners) urged the Congress to return to the $67 a ton and $5 million limits written in legislation passed by the Senate and weakened by the House Public Works Committee (where an oil man and a shipping man held sway) in 1968. The American Petroleum Institute proposed $100 a ton up to $10 million. Last year it proposed $250 a ton up to $8 million. It changed its mind, it said, to go along with the limits adopted by seven major oil companies which have established a voluntary cleanup plan (which will come into effect only if a lot more tanker owners adhere). An API tabulation showed that the most expensive cleanup on record—for the tanker *General Colocotronis* in the Bahamas a year ago—was $800,000. Conveniently, the API explicitly excluded the *Torrey Canyon*, whose cleanup expenses it put at $8 million (half the claims of Britain and France), because of "technological progress over the past two years and many of the mistakes made in the *Torrey Canyon* incident would not be repeated, and, of course, research on cleanup methods is continuing." Those few words hardly justify ignoring $7.2 million of an $8 million cleanup bill.

The Maritime Law Association, seeking to establish limitation as something close to divine right, argued that it "is rooted in the universally recognized principle that it is of paramount consideration for maritime nations to preserve the continuity of maritime commerce as a matter of vital national interest." The association, noting that Congress granted limitation in 1851 (the legislation has not been significantly altered since then), went on to cite an 1871 Supreme Court decision which recognized that the law's object was "to induce capitalists to invest" in ships.

The argument could hardly be less relevant. Even if the asserted "paramount consideration" exists, it does not necessarily follow that it applies to the United States or that commerce cannot be sustained in foreign-flag bottoms, which are sent to sea to make a buck and presumably will be available. As for any national security argument, there is good reason (if only the multiplicity of pressures Washington can bring to bear) to believe that American-owned ships under foreign flags would be available in time of urgent need. As for persuading that legendary capitalist to invest in ships, the argument antedates common use of the corporation, when the investor was personally liable for the ship's damage, and the development of today's broad, deep, versatile insurance market. Because of these changed economic conditions, limitation is not so just, necessary or immutable as its beneficiaries argue. According to some qualified lawyers, the courts are moving away from it.

The Santa Barbara mishap and Senator Muskie's bill are forcing the Nixon Administration to review offshore drilling policy and regulation, and also what is known about materials and techniques for cleaning up spilled oil on sea and land without harming natural life. With the oil industry itself accepting Senator Muskie's principle that the government should be reimbursed for cleaning up spills arising from private commerce, it would seem likely that the President will sign the bill—if it is not stranded on one of those hidden shoals in the House Public Works Committee.

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DDT and the Constitution

HARMON HENKIN
Mr. Henkin, formerly with the Baltimore Sun, *is a staff writer for the magazine,* Environment.

Hearings now being conducted in Madison, Wis., on a petition to ban the use of DDT in the state, not only have demonstrated that the pesticide has disastrous environmental side effects but also reflect the changing mood of what is conveniently labeled the conservation movement. The judicial-type hearings with adversary proceedings before examiner Maurice van Susteren are made possible by a law peculiar to Wisconsin and by the new militancy of conservationists. The proceedings opened in mid-December and were adjourned after the first week of January, so that the agricultural chemical industry might prepare its defense of the world's cheapest and most abundant pesticide.

In Wisconsin, a state agency which enforces a law must hold a hearing if petitioned for a ruling as to whether that law applies in a certain situation—in this instance, the allegation that DDT is a pollutant. The Department of Natural Resources enforces water pollution statutes and was petitioned by the Wisconsin Izaak Walton League, the Citizens Natural Resources Association of Wisconsin and the Michigan Audubon Society to ban DDT as a water pollutant. The petitioners must prove that DDT is a substance which contaminates or renders unclean or impure the waters of the state, makes them injurious to public health or deleterious to fish, birds, animals or plant life. The pesticide industry has entered the case as an intervener—that is, a third party appearing to protect its own interests.

Unless the governing board of the Department of Natural Resources votes to give van Susteren sole responsibility for the decision, he will make only a recommendation, but it is generally agreed that his opinion will carry a lot of weight.

Handling the legal and scientific aspects of the petitioners' case is the Environmental Defense Fund (EDF), a small group of scientists and their attorney, who have stirred—and to a degree frightened—conservationists by their frontal assaults on polluters. EDF was created two years ago during a court fight to stop DDT spraying in Suffolk County, Long Island. Victor Yannacone, Jr., EDF's sole and unpaid attorney, became involved in a struggle with the county Mosquito Control Commission, and during the trial he and seven environmental scientists started EDF. Since then, Yannacone has appeared in state and federal courts in New York, Michigan and Wisconsin, attempting to impose bans on DDT or dieldrin, another chlorinated hydrocarbon pesticide of similar effect. Recently EDF has branched out from DDT, filing a suit in Missoula, Mont., on an air pollution issue—the "garbage" emanating from the smokestack of Hoerner-Waldorf pulp mill.

The ebullient 32-year-old Yannacone is attempting to establish a body of common law that will protect the environment. The fundamental difference between EDF and other groups interested in the environment is that EDF doesn't plead with anyone. According to Dr. Charles Wurster, a biologist at the State University of New York at Stonybrook and a founder of EDF, the group's unofficial motto is "Sue the bastards."

Wurster says that he and the other founders of EDF became disgusted with going hat in hand to officials at various levels of industry and government and begging for the favor of a clean environment. They feel that the Constitution offers ample protection aginst pollution, but that no one up to now has taken advantage of it. The major problems EDF has encountered have been to establish precedent and jurisdiction. EDF's targets thus far have been commissions, cities and the Michigan Department of Agriculture. These are the kinds of groups that spray DDT and recommend its use, and they are kinds hard to handle in court.

In the past, conservation groups have filed lawsuits to protect their own interests. Fishermen and bird watchers have gone to court over the rights of fishermen and bird watchers. EDF has a different orientation. Yannacone brings class action suits, representing the rights of all the people. Wanting the whole population to share in a clean environment is very Jeffersonian, or Populist if you prefer. In the first year of EDF's existence this democratic approach scared away most potential allies in the conservation movement.

Traditionally, such groups have endeavored to "educate" the Executive and legislative branches of government at various levels to the conservationist point of view, and then hoped for the best. Such efforts have not been strikingly successful. The enemies of conservation are much too diffuse, entrenched and numerous for friendly persuasion to be effective, and the environment is steadily deteriorating.

This approach to conservation was more fitting when the movement started up during the 1880s as an upper socioeconomic phenomenon. It had as its founders such men as Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot, American aristocrats who fought against depredations of fish and game populations in their own interests.

As the conservation movement began to accelerate in the 20th century, a number of organizations such as the Sierra Club, Wilderness Society, National Wildlife Federation, Audubon Society and Izaak Walton League were formed. But these groups, again, were looking after their own interests and were less sensitive to the social, economic and political realities of the country at large. What they had in common was a basic social and political conservatism, though politics itself was never talked about in public. The groups could find a convenient scapegoat in federal projects such as dams, but even in fighting Washington they were genteel and proper—and usually unsuccessful.

With boards of directors which were, and for the most part still are, microcosms of corporate America, there was

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a distinct limit to how far the groups could go. Conservationists of that stamp would never dream of drawing a connection between environmental destruction and the very structure of society. In some ways, the times are changing. Some of the groups, especially the prestigious 50,000-member Sierra Club based in San Francisco, have started becoming more militant in their battles, but even in the Sierra Club there is resistance to change of tactics and attitudes.

Accordingly, EDF has had its share of problems with the old guard of conservation. Though it is far from being politically radical, EDF's activist tactics, and especially Yannacone's courtroom style, make some people very nervous. In 1967, when EDF offered to help the Audubon Society take the boondoggling Army Corps of Engineers into a Florida court for salt-water pollution of the freshwater Everglades, it got a polite "no thank you." The Audubons preferred to spend money from their well-stocked assets to "awaken" the public, and the Everglades are still in trouble.

However, it is difficult to argue with success, especially in this era of militancy; and although EDF has yet to win a clear-cut court decision, it has had remarkable effects. As a result of the Long Island trial, with its attendant adverse publicity for DDT, the Mosquito Commission quit squirting DDT, though not so ordered by the judge. Fifty-five cities in Michigan stopped spraying DDT for the control of Dutch elm disease—a practice which is highly dubious, according to most experts—after an unsuccessful suit by EDF. And in the middle of the present hearings in Madison, the state stopped recommending DDT for Dutch elm disease. That cuts in half the 120,000 pounds of the compound normally used annually for all purposes in Wisconsin. A bill to ban DDT has been submitted to the Wisconsin legislature, a similar bill has been introduced in Illinois, and the sprayers in Minnesota are getting nervous.

These quasi-victories have given the conservation movement something to think about when planning tactics. Thus, when the Izaak Walton League, the Audubon Society and the Natural Resources Association decided to petition the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources, they realized that Yannacone was the best attorney for the hearing and that EDF had its fingers on the best possible data to outlaw DDT.

Even so, for some members of these groups asking the outspoken Yannacone and EDF to join the fight was like calling on the Vietcong to protect them against the Green Berets. The Patchogue, Long Island, attorney handled

Rosenhouse

NAACP cases for nine years, and is frankly using the tactics of civil rights groups in conservation litigation. This, combined with his flamboyant hearing-room behavior, upsets a few people who seem to wish he would be more discreet and, well, Midwestern.

He is almost the exact opposite of Louis J. McLean, the quiet and conservative lawyer for the National Agricultural Chemical Association. Yannacone is fighting for the rights of the many and McLean is defending the privilege of the few, thus making Madison a classic American encounter. McLean is technically representing a third party, the DDT Task Force, which defends the virtues of the pesticide, wherever and whenever it is attacked. McLean thus far has made one grievous error—he underestimated the scientific strength of EDF.

Like other corporate giants the $2 billion-a-year agricultural chemical industry is slow to react until stung very hard. The last time it felt the goad was in 1963, when the late Rachel Carson published her *Silent Spring*. The industry almost immediately launched a heavy counterattack, hiring scientists to aver that pesticides did no harm to the environment.

McLean has been very active in the agricultural chemical people's offensive. He has appeared in court to defend pesticides and has written articles and given speeches about the wonders of DDT and its kin. He is also fond of recounting how DDT is saving the world from widespread famine, adding that those who are fighting to suppress the so-called hard pesticide are promoting widespread famine.

In an article for *BioScience* (September, 1967) McLean used a pastiche of pseudo-Freudianism and utter rubbish to claim that there are two types of pesticide critics: the purposeful, who are against the compounds because there is some sort of profit in the position, and the compulsive. These latter, according to McLean, are usually food faddists and/or health nuts, preoccupied by sexual potency. While the industry was thus fooling around, scientists were gathering more and more data on the effects of DDT, and their findings outshadowed even *Silent Spring*.

EDF was ready for Madison. Its previous incomplete battles made it eager for a platform from which to tell the entire DDT story, which it had not done before. To make sure the story was told, Yannacone assembled a batch of sixteen top scientists. Among these were some who would not have testified a year ago; they have become convinced in recent months that DDT is a terrible substance polluting the entire earth. McLean was faced with the task of cross-examining more scientific experts than one man could possibly handle, and before the witnesses had finished their sad picture, the industry had sent in five legal reinforcements and hired a public relations firm to whitewash the image DDT was getting in the local and national press.

The industry seemed to realize that if DDT was banned in Wisconsin, other states might take notice that it had been found guilty by an impartial judge and might take similar action. But the harder McLean tried to break down the scientists the more information they poured into

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the record, which at this point runs to approximately 2000 pages.

The first witness for the petitioners was Sen. Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin, who has sponsored a bill in the Senate to ban the use of DDT in the United States. "In my judgment," he said, "Wisconsin should not hesitate to ban the use of DDT under any circumstances where it can enter the world circulation patterns and further contaminate the biosphere."

The main witness for EDF was Wurster, a veteran of all its courtroom appearances. He and McLean have exchanged hot words in scientific journals and no love is lost between them. Wurster spoke in direct testimony for only one hour, but was cross-examined for almost three days. McLean challenged every facet of Wurster's research, his qualifications, and EDF itself. But Wurster managed to counter these attacks, meanwhile getting important information into the record. According to Wurster, who is an authority on DDT, the pesticide has four very serious disadvantages:

(1) It is what some scientists call a biocide; that is, it has broad biological effects on non-target organisms. It has been found in almost every living thing on earth. Tuna, hundreds of miles out in the ocean, carry it in them and so do animals on remote land masses.

(2) The compound has great persistence; its half life is at least ten years and its potency lasts for as long as fifty years.

(3) It is highly mobile, though not very soluble in water. It goes easily into a state of suspension in water and will cling to small particles of matter, being then transported by wind, rain and snow. It is estimated that only half the DDT sprayed onto an area stays on that area. The rest is carried throughout the earth. This is why a ban, to be effective, must be a complete ban.

(4) Not all the DDT ingested by animal or man is excreted. The DDT residues which remain in the body are stored in the fat tissues. As one animal feeds upon another, it ingests part of this DDT content into its own system.

Wurster and the other scientists, among them Dr. Robert Riseborough, University of California; Dr. John Hickey, University of Wisconsin and Dr. Richard Welch, Wellcome Research Laboratories in Tuckahoe, N.Y., catalogued the devastation that DDT has caused in certain birds. The evidence they gave was frightening in its implications for man. The peregrine falcon is practically extinct along the East Coast and is in trouble in other areas. Hickey and other wildlife researchers have shown that since DDT came into widespread use in the 1940s the thickness of the shells of the eggs laid by these birds has declined, thus leading to an increase of breakage in the nests.

DDT is directly implicated in this malfunction through the process called enzyme induction. Enzymes are minute organic catalysts which control the flow of hormones in the body. During the reproductive period of birds, hormones regulate the mobilization of calcium used for shell production. DDT causes enzymes to be produced in the liver and these change the hormone balance that regulates calcium production.

It doesn't take much DDT to influence such hormones as estrogen in females and testosterone in males. As little as one part DDT per million of body weight will do the trick in laboratory rats, according to researcher Welch. In laymen's terms, one part per million is a jigger of vermouth in a railroad tank car full of gin. Whether the enzyme-inducing process is affecting man physiologically is not known for sure. Enzyme tampering by DDT is a very subtle business capable, says Wurster, of utterly wiping out a bird species by meddling with the reproductive process. It is now happening to an ocean bird called the Bermuda petrel, which will soon be totally extinct.

Welch is as cautious as most scientists when discussing his work, but in the hearing he did say that the enzymes in rats are not different from those in man. It is known that the average person in this country is carrying more than ten parts per million of DDT. Welch said: "If we can extrapolate data from animals to man, then a change in these enzymes probably is occurring in man."

That is the type of information which the chemical companies must refute. The scientists who will defend DDT when the hearings resume will be relying for the most part on data gathered back in the dark ages of biology, twenty years ago when DDT made its debut as a miracle pesticide. When safety tests were run on DDT by the federal government in the 1940s, enzyme induction was itself unknown.

The industry will also claim that DDT is a very effective pesticide, but even this has been disproved. During the petitioner's presentation, Dr. Robert van den Bosch of the University of California spoke about the problems which the substance is causing in agricultural use. It will kill all the insects of a given species that it comes in contact with, except those that are naturally resistant. The resistant pests then form the breeding stock for a strain which is immune to DDT and also encounter no natural enemies, those also having been killed by the chemical. The wiping out of predatory and parasitic species has completely upset the insect balance in some agricultural areas, and DDT can be said to cause serious infestations of insects which before its day were kept down by natural control.

The industry will also trot out its sob story about starvation averted because of DDT. There is no doubt that pest-control procedures are necessary for high yield in agriculture, but there are other pesticides and other methods which will keep insects down without threatening to poison the whole world in the process.

How the hearings will turn out depends a great deal on the mind of van Susteren and the political exigencies of Wisconsin. It is believed that whichever way van Susteren rules, the loser will appeal all the way to the Supreme Court. The chemical companies produce more than 100 million pounds of DDT a year for use in this country and for export abroad (so that less developed countries may enjoy our technological blunders). They will not lose gracefully. Because of EDF and the general mood of the country, the conservationists probably won't lose gracefully either. As far as pollution is concerned, the age of politeness is about over.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Jewish Mama Market

PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT. *By Philip Roth. Random House. 274 pp. $6.95.*

THERESE POL
Miss Pol is a writer, and an editor at Rutledge Books. Her father is a German Jew and her mother an American Methodist.

The subject of the Jewish family in general and the Jewish mother in particular —with its catastrophic consequences for all those who move within their orbit— can no longer be regarded as a literary endeavor on the American scene. It has become a big industry, nearly as threatening as the military-industrial complex. In this sense Philip Roth, the author of *Portnoy's Complaint*, is merely the latest, if enormously successful, tycoon.

It was Philip Wylie who started the mother-kicking bit with his crusade against momism. With brutal impartiality he condemned *all* American mothers. Reviewers across the land have already praised Roth's new book as the culmination of the Jewish mother motif, apparently forgetting that Bruce Jay Friedman beat him by several miles in *A Mother's Kisses*. Friedman did a final demolition job.

Now comes the culmination of the culmination—Roth's resurrection of this type of woman. The best that can be said of his accomplishment is that Mama Portnoy is a caricature drawn by a master cartoonist, but she's no more than that.

That is not to say that Roth has not added other touches to the overall picture of Jewish family life which, as depicted, must be the most destructive form of living known to mankind. Some of Roth's scenes are outrageously funny. Alex Portnoy has an obsessively Jewish father, who is an insurance salesman in New Jersey, and chronically constipated (not as irrelevant as it sounds). The bathroom becomes for a while the center of the fun, with papa spending many unsuccessful hours on the john and Alex, the kid, masturbating himself into near lunacy. Roth's treatment of constipation is a scream—but how much mileage can you really get out of constipation?

Roth's book is a long monologue addressed to a hypothetical psychoanalyst (does the man listen?), in which Alex dissects his stifling childhood (mother, father, the whole damn Jewish neighborhood, come under the microscope) and his subsequent, and practically preordained, troubles with sex. Because all the girls he yearns for are Gentiles.

Alex drank in the longing for Gentile sex, whatever that is, with his Jewish mother's milk. Alex, the adult, a successful civil servant of sorts, has the worst experiences with his women. He really picks them. The Monkey, an illiterate high-fashion model from West Virginia, blackmails him with suicidal impulses. The Pumpkin, straight from the Corn Belt, is wonderfully American but becomes a bore. The Pilgrim, a Mayflower product, has too much class for her own good, and is incapable of giving Alex oral gratification (of which there is a great deal in this book, in case anyone wants to brush up on it). The novel ends with a five-line scream of *ahhh*, and a slapstick suggestion from the analyst to the effect that perhaps now the treatment might begin in earnest.

The pacing of Roth's book is frantic, which gives it a one-dimensional quality. It is filled with orgies of various kinds, saved from total tedium only by Roth's comic vein. The melancholy truth about orgies is that in the long run they are dull, even funny orgies. The barrage of four-letter words is also getting to be a pain in the ass, to use Roth's idiom, although he has justified it on the highest artistic grounds. In effect, Roth has created the same permanent Jewish joke that his Alex so bitterly complains about in the novel, complete with Jewish self-loathing and guilt far beyond anything Saul Bellow ever had to offer, but certainly nothing brand-new.

There are of course some gems in this book. At the age of 5 or so, little Alex is so mixed up by the overarticulate salt-of-the-earth people, their vindictive religion, their superstitions, the whole kosher household, that one day he looks out of the window into the drifting snow and asks, "Momma, do we believe in winter?"

Some people profess to see the depths of despair—both Jewish and cosmic—in Roth's book. Maybe so. But Thomas Mann once said that irony can become so dense that it is no longer recognizable as such. So it is with Roth's despair. There is something else wrong with it: it is basically trivial because it is rooted in endless self-examination, leading nowhere in particular, which no amount of stylistic cleverness can disguise. And his occasional gallant attempt to pass from the ridiculous to the sublime without losing his balance simply does not come off.

The main trouble with the Jewish family theme is that it has been overwritten. Unlike the plague in the Middle Ages or the pogroms in Czarist Russia, the Jewish mother goes on and on, spawning more mother-smothered Jewish girls, who in turn will inevitably smother their own brood. It is a vicious circle which can be broken only by a moratorium on the whole subject, guilt included.

Enough already.

A Music of Angels

PLANET NEWS: 1961-1967. *By Allen Ginsberg. City Lights Books. 144 pp. $2 paper.*

PAUL ZWEIG
Mr. Zweig teaches at Columbia University. He is the author of The Heresy of Self-Love: A Study of Subversive Individualism *(Basic Books).*

Communicating vases: so the French surrealists described them. Between the inner and the outer vase, a boil of suffering; memories churning over the psychic obstacles, on their way to be captured in the nets of grammar and consecutive statement. If there is one man who has helped us to believe in and to practice the mystery of these communicating vases, it is Allen Ginsberg, whose new book, *Planet News*, contains some of his finest poems. Between the planet earth and the planet Ginsberg, a banter of loves and disasters has been carried on; between this aging space of ecstasies, who insists aloud:

> *I am that I am I am the*
> *man & the Adam of hair in*
> *my loins This is my spirit and*
> *physical shape I inhabit*
> *this Universe*

and that other jet-diminished globe, riddled with places: Warsaw, New York,

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Calcutta, Wales . . . titles of so many personal, gritty moments from which poems arise.

What Ginsberg forced us to understand in *Howl*, twelve years ago, was that nothing is safe from poetry. His argument was not for new poetic subjects, for speech rhythms, for more emotions, or for mysticism. Argument in fact, is not the word for the unsettling spell Ginsberg-as-shaman chanted, suffered and danced in *Howl*. In life, as in poetry, the shaman does not argue. He climbs the psychic hill, beyond the last familiar stone, and then disappears. Later the wind will blow disquieting noises back to us. Morality has pursued him like a clean razor and dismembered his body; his spirit has been assaulted by righteous chancres; rumors abound that he has been nailed to a tree, where the animals will play upon his bones forever, like a harp. But then the poet-shaman reappears, carrying the sick soul he had gone to save: anyone and everyone's soul, his own too, for the shaman must have suffered from all the ills he can cure. He comes back, but he is changed, for he has seen, played before him, all the fantasies of the hidden psyche, and all the possibilities of the will. He has learned the demanding truth that Montaigne discovered in his tower: "I am a man, and nothing human is foreign to me." Here, I think, lies the generous fantasy of *Planet News*. Ginsberg has brought back the sick soul—his own, mine, yours. In payment, he has received the gift of love. Now nothing human is foreign to him.

We know how much what we are is bound up in what, and how, we remember. Our character, and therefore what we do, depends upon—and is—the style of our remembering. I insist upon the word "style," for quantity, the sheer bulk of what we have been, has nothing to do with it. It is like stringing beads out of a huge box of beads. I work in reds, you in shades of green, and you in sharp edges. The "I" is selective, distrustful. And when, beguiled by travel, drugs or women, I recklessly string a rainbow stone, or a piece of turd, that too is part of the pattern. I have learned to be selectively reckless. On principle I open a certain third eye, let it flicker on the marvel of endless possibility, and then hurry it shut, afraid I will be convicted of "too much."

Ginsberg has made "too much" the affair of his life. Like Whitman, Blake, Traherne, Rabelais, he has enacted what it means to say: "I am the greatest lover in the universe." It is the mystery of seeing, and not judging, of understanding, and not discriminating. If such a life can have a program, then Whitman formulated it:

This is the meal equally set, this the meat for natural hunger,
It is for the wicked just the same as for the righteous,
I make appointments with all,
I will not have a single person slighted or left away,
The kept-woman, sponger, thief, are hereby invited,
The heavy-lipp'd slave is invited, the venerealee is invited;
There shall be no difference between them and the rest.

In *Planet News*, the quintessential poem of "too much," is "Television Is A Baby Crawling Toward That Death Chamber." It is a poem which, like electricity, is sustained by its own movement. And the movement arises from Ginsberg's magical ability to know all the beads, and yet select none, for he selects all. Here as elsewhere, Ginsberg opens a hot line to every recess of his roomy, endless body. Like the infinite interconnection of all phenomena in the physical world (when I spit into the ocean, it rises; when I blow, the wind changes direction), the tangled relationships of everything with everything speak in Ginsberg's poem. He has faith that this is so; that all fishing in the dark water is successful. When Ginsberg is at his best, his mad leaps of association are perfect; they imitate the ideal knowledge of a Monad linked, lovingly, to the whole planet: even to cat vomit, Peruvian skulls, disappointed old body, or LSD pastoral worships:

That's what I came here to compose, what I knocked off my life to Inscribe on my grey metal typewriter,
borrowed from somebody's lover's mother got it from Welfare, all interconnected and gracious bunch of Murderers
as possible in this Kalpa of Hungry blood-drunkard Ghosts—

The shape of "Television . . ." is the shape of "too much," which is to say that it works against the very idea of poetic form. And yet, by creating the experience (or enchantment) of "too much," it claims for itself all the privileges of form, i.e.: the privilege of being this irreplaceable, absolutely achieved word-vision. Ginsberg, like Whitman, does not forget the place he occupies in the spectrum of cultural forms. He has the pleasure of knowing, from some shy Victorian refuge in his own psyche, that he is being a bit ridiculous. And so he acts out for us our temptation to judge his "too-muchness," and to contain it. What I mean is that Ginsberg, like his spiritual godfather, Walt Whitman, has a sense of comedy. He is an American humorist:

Dusty moonlight, Starbeam riding its own flute, soul
revealed in the scribble, an ounce of looks, an invisible
Seeing, Hope, The Vanisher betokening Eternity
one finger raised warning above his gold eyeglasses—and
Mozart playing giddy-note an hour on the Marxist gramophone—

. . . . . .

The Bardo Thodol extends in the millions of black jello for every dying Mechanic—We will make Colossal movies—
We will be a great Tantric Mogul & starify a new Hollywood with our unimaginable Flop—Great Paranoia!

The humor is part of the generosity of *Planet News*. Ginsberg, in his expansive way, is trying to convince us to wade out from the moralizing beaches where we have learned too well to string our beads. The water is fine, he says. If only we could stop judging and disdaining, we would realize how simple it is to paddle around in the world (and in ourselves).

Often *Planet News* modulates from the glutted, sexual fantasy of "too-muchness," to a quieter, more intimate vision. When the Kalpas of extended space collapse momentarily, Ginsberg remembers himself: the citizen of an aging body, uprooted, humanly unhappy, and yet far from lament, for—and this is the peculiar strength of these moments—he has learned to love even his own aging despair:

Allen Ginsberg says this: I am a mass of sores and worms & baldness & belly & smell I am false Name the prey of Yamantaka Devourer of Strange Dreams . . .

. . . . . .

and I lay back on my pallet contemplating $50 phone bill, broke, drowsy, anxious, my heart fearful of the fingers dialing, the deaths, the singing of telephone bells

Ginsberg, in *Planet News*, has given us a music of angels. Not Christian holy angels, but the angels of which Rilke spoke: "those almost deadly birds of the soul." They are almost deadly, because they ask what is most difficult to do: to love even what is not lovable, to serve up the meal for everyone, to love fate while seeing with intelligent, discriminating eyes what fate is.

I have insisted on evoking the ancestry of Ginsberg's vision because there is in this poetry of "too-muchness" a tradition and a genre which deserve to be

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noticed. In "Journal Night Thoughts," for example, Ginsberg echoes a conventional form and uses it, with humor, to express his continuous fantasy. It is a poem of night images, traveling a path of the mind's peregrinations in New York. One thinks, inevitably, of Young's "Night Thoughts," of Whitman's lovely poem, "The Sleepers." Ginsberg has confidence that form, once rhetorical shapes have been discarded, can arise from life itself, referring backward and forward, in the fashion of a psychic genre, to a larger shape of human experience. Here Ginsberg writes the "night-ode" or whatever name we give it: a form more ample for our total needs than sonnet, epic, or other hanger for old clothes.

The Publishing Game

Henry Mayhew's monumental classic, *London Labour and the London Poor*, is a 19th-century study of the culture of poverty and the criminal classes. The 1861 edition described itself as "A Cyclopaedia of the Condition and Earnings of Those That *Will* Work, Those That *Cannot* Work, and Those That *Will Not* Work." Dover Publications has produced a reprint definitive edition which restores intact this most remarkable work. Their handsome, four-volume republication has a new introduction by John D. Rosenberg; it is generously illustrated with sketches, prints and photographs of the period and each volume has a cover illustration by Gustave Doré, taken from his graphic study of the same period, *London: A Pilgrimage*. Each paperbound book sells for $3.50.

Street Art Illustration, Depicting the Murder of Jael Denny, Victim of Thomas Drory
—London Labour and the London Poor

Mayhew set out "to publish the history of a people, from the lips of the people themselves—giving a literal description of their labour, their earnings, their trials and their sufferings, in their own 'unvarnished' language." To do this, he walked hundreds of miles of London streets in the 1840s and 1850s, gathering testimony about the colorful, comic and tragic lives of the underclass of London. Though his data has served primarily as a basic reference source for sociologists, historians and criminologists, it is also fascinating to read as literature. Thackeray wrote of Mayhew's masterpiece: "It is a picture of human life so wonderful, so awful, so piteous and pathetic, so exciting and terrible, that readers of romances own they never read anything like to it." It also contains some amusing and instructive parallels to our present times, as shown in excerpts below. They are taken from Mayhew's study on publishers, authors and hawkers (hawkers were divided into patterers, chaunters and ballad singers) of street literature, the popular reading matter of the period. The first excerpt is Mayhew presenting an aspect of the "profession;" the second is a hawker's account in his own words, of some of his best-sellers.

On Street Literature

The way in which a narrative or a "copy of werses" is prepared for press is usually this: the leading members of the "schools" [groups of hawkers], some of whom refer regularly to the evening papers when they hear of any out-of-the-way occurrence, resort to the printer and desire its publication in a style proper for the streets. This is usually done very speedily, the school (or the majority of them) and the printer agreeing upon the author. Sometimes an author will voluntarily prepare a piece of street literature and submit it to a publisher, who, as in the case of other publishers, accepts or declines, as he believes the production will or will not prove remunerative. Sometimes the schools carry the manuscript with them to the printer, and undertake to buy a certain quantity, to insure publication. The payment to the author is the same in all cases—a shilling.

Concerning the history and character of street and public-house literature, I shall treat hereafter . . . for the reader's better appreciation of the curious and important theme. I say, *important*; because the street-ballad and the street-narrative, like all popular things, have their influence on masses of the people. . . .

It must be borne in mind that the street author is closely restricted in the quality of his effusion. It must be such as the patterers approve, as the chaunters can chaunt, the ballad-singers sing, and—above all—such as street-buyers will buy. One chaunter, who was a great admirer of the "Song of the Shirt," told me that if Hood himself had written the "Pitiful Case of Georgy Sloan and his Wife," it would not have sold so well as a ballad he handed me, from which I extract a verse:

Jane Willbred we did starve and beat
her very hard
I confess we used her very cruel,
But now in a jail two long years we
must bewail,
We don't fancy mustard in the
gruel.

The Hawkers Story

"There's nothing beats a stunning good murder, after all. . . . Daniel Good . . . was a first rater; and would have been much better if it hadn't been for that there Madam Toosow. You see, she went down to Roehampton, and guv [two pounds] for the werry clogs as he used to wash his master's carriage in; so, in course, when the harristocracy could go and see the real things—the werry identical clogs—in the Chamber of 'Orrors, why the people wouldn't look at our authentic portraits of the fiend in human form. . . . Then there was Rush, I was 14s. in debt for rent, and in less than fourteen days I astonished the wise men in the east by paying my landlord all I owed him. Since Daniel Good there had been little or nothing doing in the murder line—no one could cap him—till Rush turned up a regular trump for us. Why I went down to Norwich expressly to work the execution. I worked my way down there with 'a sorrowful lamentation' of his own composing, which I'd got written by the blind man expressly for the occasion. On the morning of the execution we beat all the regular newspapers out of the field; for we had the full, true, and particular account down, you see, by our own express, and that can beat anything that ever they can publish; for we gets it printed several days afore it comes off, and goes and stands with it right under the drop; and many's the penny I've turned away when I've been asked for an account of the whole business *before* it happened."

OF ME

I have a
stone laugh
that smashes the air
rolls across your mind
and crushes your thoughts into
pieces of
me.

CAROLYN M. RODGERS

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Violence and Rhetoric

NONVIOLENT DIRECT ACTION: American Cases: Social-Psychological Analyses. *Edited by A. Paul Hare and Herbert H. Blumberg. Corpus Publications. 575 pp. $10.*

CHARLES HORMAN
Mr. Horman is a free-lance writer and film maker.

Hare and Blumberg's new anthology, entitled *Nonviolent Direct Action,* will not be received by the Left in a charitable mood. Before opening the book, I recalled an incident which occurred shortly after the demise of Resurrection City.

People from the different groups in the Poor People's Campaign were meeting in the Friends hall at 15th Street to figure out what had happened and find the common ground for a new human rights movement. There were Panthers from Oakland, Al the Ratman from Jersey City, two hillbillies from a welfare rights group in Chicago—organizers from all over the country. They spent several days talking; and a great deal of the talk dealt with violence and nonviolence. Two Quakers, who had made the conference room available, sat in on the meetings.

One black from Texas suggested that the movement be visible, political and nonviolent "so we can stay alive and out of jail and conduct business," but that a smaller faction "attend to that other business when necessary." One of the Panthers, a young man about 19 with a green beret and a bullet hung around his neck on a leather thong, said that on the West Coast they'd found the best organizing slogan was "get guns."

Finally, on the last day, the older of the two Quakers—a man in his 60s with a shock of white hair and a ramrod spine—spoke out for militant but nonviolent action. He talked about the courage and achievement of the early civil rights workers in the South. Most of the people in the small room shuffled their feet and said nothing. After a moment of silence, the old Quaker asked the Panther what he thought of nonviolent tactics.

"I *am* nonviolent," was the answer, "but if any of those motherfuckers mess with me, I'm gonna shoot them dead."

In rhetoric, at least, this is the year of the heroic guerrilla. In the *East Village Other,* a comic-strip commando named Trashman mows down the minions of the state. In the San Francisco *Express Times,* an adventure serial called "The Guns of Berkeley" recently ended with the summary execution of Roger Heyns, chancellor of the university.

There are many reasons for the new mood: the death of Martin Luther King, Jr., of Robert Kennedy, of Che Guevara. The failure to transplant a church-based, long-suffering civil rights movement to the Northern ghettos. Incessant bludgeonings in Selma, New York, Washington and Chicago. Six years of war in Vietnam.

The Left has become impatient with nonviolence. Panthers are telling black people in Oakland and Jersey City to "get guns"; and students at Phillips Exeter Academy dream, during algebra class, of joining the guerrillas in Venezuela. So far there's been much talk and a few incompetent fire bombs which fizzled out in police cars on the lower East Side of Manhattan; but a lot of people on the Left seem to be sucking in their bellies for the big shoot-out.

Thus it is a strange year to reread, in an anthology about nonviolence, the words that Martin Luther King, Jr., spoke to a crowded church in Montgomery, Ala.: "We must meet the forces of hate with the power of love; we must meet physical force with soul force. Our aim must never be to humiliate the white man but to win his friendship and understanding." Face it. Them's tough apples to sell in 1969.

Nonviolent Direct Action: American Cases: Social-Psychological Analyses was compiled by Prof. A. Paul Hare, chairman of the Department of Sociology and Anthropology at Haverford, and Dr. Herbert Blumberg, assistant professor of Psychology at Wilson College. The book is divided into two main sections.

The first presents "case materials" from the civil rights and peace movements. Among these are accounts by James Peck of the 1947 and 1961 freedom rides; by Al Bigelow of his attempt to sail a ketch into the atomic testing zone; by James Farmer of a terrifying night when the crackers hunted him down in Plaquemines, La. Although these "cases" are reprinted from other books and magazines, they remain fascinating and often deeply moving testaments to human courage, independence and idealism.

The second section contains classic and contemporary analyses of nonviolence. With customary insight and sensitivity, Erik Erikson examines Gandhi's leadership of the 1918 textile workers strike in Ahmedabad. An excerpt from Richard Gregg's 1934 *Power of Nonviolence* describes the tactic as a "moral jujitsu" which catches the assailant off balance. The other essays attack with varying competence a wide range of questions: who participated in the demonstrations? Why? Did the demonstrations work? When did they work best and how?

The mood of the collection is scientific, but hardly nonpartisan. Some of the authors are activists; most are clearly hopeful that their study will make nonviolent tactics more effective. Editors Blumberg and Hare seem to share this hope. The book is dedicated to "Mahatma Gandhi and Martin Luther King, Jr., and those who may follow to lead the nonviolent movement for human rights."

A. Paul Hare's introduction states that "the first order of business is to create more inclusive identities so that men may act towards each other as members of the same pseudo-species" —which is probably the most stirring proclamation for human rights and social justice I've ever heard from a noted expert on small-group interrelations.

In fact, despite such apparent limitations as the outrageous price ($10), the discouraging length (575 pp.), and distressing lapses into socio-psychological jargon, the book strains toward usefulness, and falls short. It finds intelligent, meticulously researched answers to the wrong questions.

One example of this is Hare's own essay, entitled "Nonviolent Action from a Social-Psychological Perspective." The essay uses an ingenious combination of Homans' "exchange theory" and "two and three dimensional approaches to the study of interaction proposed by Leary [yes, Timothy Leary in his former incarnation as a clinical psychologist] and Bales."

Hare's conclusion reads: "The nonviolent actors usually intend to take downward (submissive), backward (advocating social change), and positive roles in their confrontation with others, especially those in authority. When they can maintain this role they seem to be able to 'pull' a dominant positive response which may lead to social change. However, if they become negative, then they pull a hostile response. The most positive interaction probably takes place between demonstrators and others who are of equal status."

To render this in rough translation —the best nonviolent tactic is probably to get a lot of straight, middle-class people who want social change. Dress them in suits and ties and remind them to be loving even if someone hits them. If they forget and yell "pig" at the po-

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lice, the police may well respond with hostility.

All right. People know that. The question is how to do it. Most people "of equal status" are too busy becoming people of greater status. Those people who do care enough about social change to turn out at demonstrations are more likely to be poor people, students, freaks and crazies.

To enter usefully the movement's dialogue, this anthology would have had to deal with violence as well as nonviolence—for violence is now very attractive to the Left. Many of the people who took part in the demonstrations described in Hare and Blumberg's "case materials" are already beginning to unsheathe the sword. For them, the new anthology will provide not a program but a post-mortem to the nonviolent movement.

Making a Million Under 30

LEWIS M. ANDREWS
Mr. Andrews is a graduate student at the Stanford Institute for Communication Research. He is preparing a book titled On Being a Behavioral Scientist.

The most successful myth maker in recent years has been bunny baron Hugh Hefner, exploiter of the Kinsey generation of the mid-1950s. Hefner grew up in a time when attitudes toward sexual behavior, if not the behavior itself, were becoming more liberal. It was fashionable to be conspicuously open-minded about sex. The Protestant work ethic was also changing. If a man worked hard to make some extra money, he felt he had the right to spend it playing hard. Hefner took these changing values and molded them into the Playboy myth. The Playboy was the affluent, sophisticated urban male who "got it" regularly from the most beautiful girls in town. Of course, no one, except maybe Hefner himself, could ever realize the myth, but people could pretend to be playboys by reading *Playboy* magazine or by joining a Playboy Club. Everyman dreamed while Hefner cashed in.

The past ten years have produced a new generation with different aspirations, values and anxieties. A growing number of young people—specifically college students—take for granted material rewards. They expect to make a lot of money and to have an opportunity to spend it, but they are also concerned about the quality of the work they will undertake.

Last fall the charter issue of *Careers Today* appeared on the newsstands. College newspapers carried impressive 4-page inserts announcing the magazine, and colorful posters decorated campus bulletin boards across the country. The proclamation, "Careers today are for people who want more than just a job . . . so is *Careers Today*!" appeared in *Ramparts*, *Eye*, *The New York Review of Books* and, appropriately, *Playboy*. The new myth had been created.

The *Careers Today* myth is of the iconoclastic adolescent who finds commitment and self-fulfillment within the corporate structure. The image is of a young man commuting to his job on a motorcycle (an expression of his freedom), working to 2 A.M. every day (because he loves his job), and being made a vice president at the age of 25 (because the boss is overwhelmed by his youthful dynamism). The mannequin from the "What Sort of Man Reads *Playboy*" ads now wears a string of beads, and the admiring girls in the background have been replaced by a cowering clique of awe-struck, middle-aged executives.

The alleged purpose of *Careers Today* is to provide confused and bewildered college students with information about the abundance of career opportunities available to them. "There is a serious information gap," claims editorial chairman Peter Drucker. "Most of our institutions from Wall Street to the public schools and the Omaha City Hall are still behaving in a way that was appropriate when college students were few—and few were needed. There was little need for information on jobs and careers." *Careers Today*, according to Drucker, is designed "as an instrument, a weapon, for people caught in this cultural lag."

The effectiveness of this new weapon is questionable. A Stanford guidance counselor has observed that few of the articles in the three issues published so far provide any real information of value. He termed the magazine "a disappointment." Instructional articles such as "Little Boys Don't Play the Insurance Game," "The Art of Résumé Writing" and "The Official Organization Watchers Guide" are written in such a flippant manner that some students doubt their validity. A recent Lehigh graduate remarked: "Using that magazine to find a job is about as helpful as using a computer to find a wife." A Princeton student was more critical: "The article on résumé writing was the most hypocritical thing I have ever read. The magazine claims to be honest, but it says, in effect, that you should lie in order to get a good job."

If *Careers Today* does not sell information, then what does it sell? Like *Playboy*—indeed, like all packaged myths— the magazine serves a kind of masturbation function (*Playboy* for the body; *Careers Today* for the mind). Each issue is dominated by spectacular stories of young men and women who have made it by breaking all the traditional rules. Making it is defined by the magazine as "doing things your own way," which freely translated means making a million dollars before you are 30 and having fun while you do it.

A typical hero is Peter Sprague, 29-year-old conglomerate chief, whose burgeoning financial empire includes such diverse interests as a multimillion-dollar electronics firm in California and a poultry farm in the Middle East. Sprague is depicted as the adventurer-businessman, a combination of Clark Gable and Tex Thornton, who at 17 covered the Hungarian revolution for UPI, at 21 became the third American to visit the Mongolian People's Republic since 1945, and at 24 began a business career by investing in chickens and mushrooms in Iran. "He's a curious blend of idealism and hard core practicality," writes associate editor Gay Boyer. "There is little doubt he enjoys his money. But," she adds (and this is crucial to the myth), "my guess

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is that he'd still find life interesting without it."

Peter Sprague could be any college student—that is, any college student who goes to Yale and whose millionaire father is co-founder of the prosperous Sprague Electric Company. Myth making in *Careers Today* is as much the art of omission as the art of exaggeration. The editors do not emphasize the fact that most of the young tycoons who supposedly made it their own way had a lot going for them, such as family money, family connections, or an exceptionally impressive set of academic credentials. Nor do they mention that the largest group of dropouts today are recent MBA graduates who have discovered that they cannot find themselves in business. This problem is so acute that placement directors at top business schools refuse to discuss it.

Careers Today tries hard to be an expression of its own myth by boasting a youthful, free-wheeling staff. The charter issue introduces associate editors Ned Riley, 26, who "wears his shoes only when the occasion demands, cuts his own hair, and rides his motorcycles any chance he gets"; Gay Boyer, 24, a former UCLA journalism student; Brian Vachon, 26, a former ranch hand, bellhop, canoe instructor, etc.; and Arlene Van Breems, 22, a graduate of Barnard. But the glossy photos of these committed kids give a very misleading impression of the people who run the magazine.

Nicholas H. Charney is the financial wizard behind *Careers Today*. At 27 he is the chairman of CRM, Inc., a communications conglomerate of which *Careers Today* is only a part. Charney is the son of a famous meteorologist who developed computers for use in weather prediction. He took a pre-med degree at M.I.T. and a Ph.D. in biology and psychology at the University of Chicago. While a graduate student, he displayed a remarkable talent for making money. Instead of doing his laboratory assignments, which he contracted out to other students, Charney took some family money and purchased a tenement slum in Chicago's black ghetto. Between classes he rented and renovated his property, eventually selling it for a profit.

During his last year at Chicago Charney discussed with one of his professors, Dr. George Reynolds, the possibility of starting a popular psychology magazine. When Reynolds took a teaching job at the newly established San Diego campus of the University of California, Charney went along on a research grant from the National Science Foundation. He spent close to a year at San Diego, studying journalism more than psychology; then, together with Reynolds and Winston Marston, an old friend from M.I.T., he created CRM, Inc., and began piecing together the first issue of *Psychology Today*. Originally CRM stood for Charney/Reynolds/Marston; it now translates Communications/Research/Machines.

Charney did not have enough money to publish his magazine, so he sent a circular to psychologists across the country offering prepublication subscriptions for $15 apiece. He received 48,000 orders and the magazine was an instant success. In fact, it was so successful that Charney could not handle it alone. He sought help, and through family connections found John J. Veronis, a former publisher of two Curtis women's magazines and a corporate officer of Interpublic, a huge advertising-public relations conglomerate. Veronis joined CRM to eventually become publisher of *Psychology Today* and president of CRM. Working together, Charney and Veronis boosted the circulation of the magazine to upwards of 350,000 in less than a year and a half.

With Veronis came big money, bigger connections, and even bigger ideas, one of which was *Careers Today*. Veronis brought in two people to develop the magazine, Peter F. Drucker and T (no period) George Harris. Drucker, a 58-year-old management consultant and author of eight books including *The Practice of Management*, became editorial chairman of the magazine; Harris, 43, a former business and finance editor of *Look*, became managing editor.

The pilot issue of *Careers Today* first appeared as a special issue of *Psychology Today*. The pre-test was promising, and CRM went ahead with plans for a separate magazine. A staff was hired and the editorial board of this "dynamic new magazine" received two new members: Edgar H. Shein, a professor of management and psychology from M.I.T., and Herbert F. York, former chancellor of the San Diego campus and former Under Secretary of Defense. A 122-page charter issue was published last fall and 500,000 copies were mailed free to a computer-selected sample of college seniors. Issue number one, which was published this January, had a paid circulation of 300,000 college students.

Undoubtedly, there is, as Drucker maintains, a need for more career information. So why should *Careers Today* engage in myth making? The answer can be found by leafing through the magazine and counting the full-page ads by such corporations as IBM, Xerox, AT&T, General Telephone and Electronics, and Ford. These ads do not sell products; they sell the companies themselves. ("We're proving there's a worthwhile place at Chase Manhattan.") *Careers Today* is as much a medium for recruiting students into business as it is for informing students about business. The magazine has undertaken the difficult, but potentially very profitable, job of simultaneously capitalizing on the anxieties of two groups which have become increasingly mistrustful of each other: businessmen and students.

To students who fear being trapped in meaningless jobs for the rest of their lives, *Careers Today* poses as a reliable guide to the system; to corporations which are fighting hard for young talent in a seller's market, *Careers Today* presents itself as a communications link with the new student generation. The dilemma of the editor is to knock the system hard enough to convince students of the magazine's sincerity, but not so hard as to alienate advertisers. The solution: the promise of the myth. Yes, the economic system is corrupt and dehumanizing, but the new youth can bend it to suit individual goals. The established businessman, aware of the need to change, yet bewildered by modern ideas, will tremble before the young executive whose insight he both admires and requires. "Business needs new generation people because they are at home in the present environment, and sense the future."

The *Careers Today* myth has little appeal for the genuine radical; nor do the editors expect that it will. The message of the magazine—that it is both possible and desirable to find true happiness in Wall Street—is diametrically opposed to the radical doctrine that working within the system serves only to strengthen the evil exacted by the system.

But the radical viewpoint cannot be ignored. Just to the right of Students for a Democratic Society is a much larger minority (almost 40 per cent of all college students, according to *Fortune* that is sympathetic to many of the radical's complaints. The campus opinion leaders are concentrated in this group; they are the more intelligent students and the students most active in school organizations. They are the students whom major corporations want to attract and, therefore, the students whom *Careers Today* must win over.

The editors of *Careers Today* know this. They also know that being blatantly pro-business will not be a successful tactic with this critical group. Hence, they adopt a different attitude, concentrating on the sterility of the academic environment, the futility of dropping out, and the supposed new freedom of corporate life. For exam-

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BIRD

Brown and delicate, she has come
As though called from a long way off,
And the great, plain-spoken tree
Wraps her in.

TIMOTHY BALAND

ple: "In New York a fellow with a red beard who goes barefoot to work is vice president of a commercial bank today," writes Drucker. "No university would dare hire him. And for a good reason. He talks so much about love that everybody would hate him." Sometimes the magazine goes too far, making statements about nonbusiness environments which are insulting as well as absurd: "I'm not surprised that kids riot," says Drucker. "I am surprised that they are so placid because they are so unspeakably bored. . . . (Freshmen) can drink in high school, and may have slept around, so college freedom is not terribly important to them."

It is doubtful that Drucker, Charney, or anyone else at CRM really believes that freedom is to be found in the corporation (imagine an officer of a major company taking a stand against the Vietnamese War, as many professors and university administrators have already done), or that the myth of *Careers Today* is any more real than the *Playboy* myth. But what they believe does not matter as long as those confused and bewildered students are willing to tranquilize their anxieties with dreams. That's what keeps myth makers in business.

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

I doubt that Thomas Hoving would have carried the Metropolitan Museum of Art so far from the acquisition, conservation and display of art if he had not been aware of a general problem facing museums at present. If this is the case, we may expect other shows like "Harlem on My Mind" from Mr. Hoving or other museum directors of ambition. Therefore, we might look at the idea of social service underlying the show.

Art museums have been making continuous efforts for more than twenty years to engage the public more directly. Earlier, it had been sufficient for museums to make, say, Titian and Vermeer available to the public; free of charge in the United States and England, for a small charge in France and Italy. Access was an end. The founding of museums in the 19th century transformed the distribution of art. Royal and private collections opened up; personal possessions became public culture. No museums founded in the 20th century that I know of have ever departed from this fundamental educational commitment, even if it is interpreted in terms of the democratization of aesthetic pleasure (art for all).

After World War II, museums everywhere updated and refurbished their collections, and modern art museums in particular moved to catch up with the neglected recent past and to incorporate the topical present in their exhibition schedules. The model museum for this kind of community involvement was the Stedelijk, Amsterdam, under Sandberg's direction. There was a postwar fervor for art in Holland, part of a celebration of national identity after the withdrawal of the Nazis; and Sandberg was supported by the Dutch resistance, just as in Italy the Veneto resistance appointed the Mayor of Venice who, in turn, appointed a new Secretary General of the reformed, post-Fascist Biennale. In this optimistic internationalist mood, lively exhibition programs, responsive to modern sensibility, were the index of liberty. At the Stedelijk there were literally hundreds of shows—of painting, sculpture, child art, everything.

In the United States as in Europe, there has been a perfect frenzy of exhibitions, big and small, majestic and improvised. This flow of temporary exhibitions seems to have slackened now. If my impression of abatement is correct, I suppose it could be attributed, variously, to shortage of good subjects, fatigued museum staffs, resistant collectors. Whatever the combination of reasons, the euphoric phase of international exhibitions is over; the parade is now only steady. We are in a situation, it seems, in which museum activity has lost something of its postwar combination of vigor and relevance, but certainly museum administrators have not lost interest in maintaining public contact, which can be measured, of course, by attendance. Until recently the museums' concern with the box office was fully compatible with significant shows; in fact, scholarship was sponsored by the museums' desire to fill their galleries with shows on *new* subjects. In Italy, for instance, postwar tourism financed searching exhibitions of the newly studied 17th century.

The Metropolitan, when James Rorimer was director, applied public relations techniques to the collection and exhibitions, long before Mr. Hoving's appointment; but until "Harlem on My Mind," the subject of promotion had been works of art. The "Mona Lisa" and the expensive Rembrandt had prospered as news, like a kidnapped co-ed or a State of the Union message. With "Harlem on My Mind" the object of the museum's promotional energy was not art but a documentary show of blown-up photographs with a rhetorical sociological angle. In justification, Mr. Hoving gave as his loophole a reference in the original constitution to the relation of "art to practical life and of practical life to art." There is no art in the exhibition and it appears that Mr. Hoving has some doubts about the educative value (which can be pleasure) of showing art. It is true that there is less publicity in just showing art, but it is not simply the confusion of education and publicity in Mr. Hoving's mind that is disturbing. What is damaging is his withdrawal of urgency and of authority from works of art and a corresponding overinvestment in "current issues" and "contemporary affairs." "Harlem on My Mind" raises the prospect that the director may be thinking of running the Met for those people least interested in the contents and purposes of the museum.

That Mr. Hoving believes that the display of art needs beefing up is clear from his calling the "Harlem" show "a confrontation," "a dialogue," adding ominously: "and today we better have these things. Today there is a growing gap between people. . . ." Does he think, in retrospect, that his exhibition bridged, narrowed, or even slightly filled in this gap? The show's main effect, outside the art world, has been to provide another site for black pickets. The show is, in a sense, an act of rejection toward the works of art that Mr. Hoving might have shown in the place of "Harlem." His position appears to be that social problems are more important than the display of art. There is nothing objectively wrong with this view, but there is everything wrong when it is held by the director of an art museum. Hoving has sacrificed, by his highly publicized gesture, the *care* for art which, over and above specific educational projects, museums perform, and symbolize, better than anybody else.

With the gradual constriction of exhibition programs, the recent coincidence of scholarly and public interests has weakened. In an effort to revive that postwar feeling of museological usefulness to society, Hoving has appropriated the problems of the ghetto. However, the earlier contact of museums with the community was through the medium of art, which Hoving finds inadequate. Social reform in the ghettos and curriculum change on the campus are the present areas of pressure in the knowledge industry (universities, museums, publishers). Evidence of Hoving's awareness

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of the problem is very nice, but not the way he risks opening the museum to those people most ignorant of and indifferent to its purposes. The conversion of a museum to a topical forum, as a defense against the possibility of future militancy, as a flashy show of institutional relevance, is damaging to a museum's cultural function. It devalues the main purpose of all art museums, the display of art and its preservation, not for everybody, but for that part of the public that wants it.

FILMS

HAROLD CLURMAN

In mid-March the 68th Street Playhouse will show a documentary film, *Salesman*, by the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerlin, which has given me greater insight into America than all the Broadway shows I have seen this season. To some it will seem a comedy, to others a tragedy.

Nothing is invented: there is not a word in it which was not actually spoken by the door-to-door Bible salesmen the picture is concerned with and the folk to whom they sell or try to sell their $49.45 Holy Book. Seeing the picture one is ready to agree with Francis Bacon that "The contemplation of things as they are . . . without substitution or imposture is in itself a nobler thing than a whole harvest of invention."

"You can see," says the salesman, as he points to the illustrations in the Book, "how this would be an inspiration in the home," and then explains how to push the three plans of purchase: "Cash, C.O.D. and a Catholic Honor Plan" (so much a month). He continues: "The Bible is still the best seller in the world." The customers are Irish (as are most of the salesmen), Polish, Puerto Rican. They have been recommended by the local Church; the wares to be sold have the imprimatur or blessing of the high clergy. Many of the prospective buyers cannot even afford a dollar a week. The territories covered are New England (seen amid snow) and Florida.

This Bible is a hard sell ("Could you say if this would help the family. . . ? Could you see where this would be of value in the home? A gain to you?"). The sales manager for the company (of porcine countenance) assures his men at a sales convention: "Money is being made in the Bible business. . . . It's a fabulous business. . . . All I can say to people who aren't making the money, it's their fault. . . . The money's out there and go out and get it." One salesman announces he's going to make $35,000 this coming year. To best him another vows to make $50,000. One wants to push his face in. His pals applaud.

At another meeting in Chicago, the designer and theological consultant of the company, Melbourne I. Feltman, Ph.D., tells the assembled flock in an analogy with the Son of God himself that "the good that comes from the selling of the Bible . . . is definitely identified with the Father's business. Some of you, at one time or another, may or may not have had a higher income, but you have never held a higher position of esteem. . . . God grant you an abundant harvest."

In North Miami, Paul Brennan, the salesman on whom the film makers have concentrated, tries to find 118 Street in the town of Opa Locka (how terrifyingly hideous the architecture of the vicinity). The streets through which he drives are Sinbad Ave., Arabia Ave., Ali Baba Ave., Sesame St., Sharazad Blvd. He calls this "Muslim Territory." He makes no sale that day and we notice that he has become grim. A fellow salesman hopes to encourage Paul by reminding him of the firm's adage: "It's not the bum territory. It's the bum in the territory."

So it goes. We see them pushing, pushing, pushing, talking, talking, talking, telling jokes, exchanging confidences, making philosophical remarks, all to wear down the customers and lighten the embarrassed silences of indecision or resistance. A strained heartiness shields the salesman's anguish as it does the customers' mixture of discomfiture at not being able to reciprocate and an unconscious desire to mollify the salesman's hurt. Often the salesmen are not only depressed by their lack of luck but by the realization of the degree of unemployment and poverty they encounter as they make their pitch.

The salesmen play poker among themselves, do a lot of kidding, make long-distance calls to their wives at home, reminisce. Paul remembers his father who counseled him "to join the police *farce* and get a *pinsion*." He imitates the brogue of which there is still a remnant in his own speech. One senses a certain contempt for the accent, the admonition and the "Mickie" breed, mixed with a trace of regret at not having done as his father bade him. These fellows like one another, and when Paul finally prepares to quit the business their compassion is not without some foreboding that Paul's fate may some day be their own.

When we last see Paul mute, immobile and grave, his face is a tragic mask. He has experienced defeat. Through the laughter that the film provokes there runs an ever swelling vein of tragedy. How can these petty people be tragic, purists may ask, remembering Aristotle and his *epigones*. At most they are merely pathetic.

A pox on such aesthetes! The salesmen and their customers are tragic because we can recognize them as kin and they are legion. They are all of us. They are our countrymen caught in the vise of the prevailing religion: utility, business, success—a religion which erodes. We are unable to feel superior. In all of them we catch a glimpse of the presence or potential of something dear. I left the picture in a maze of sentiments and impulses: of suicide, murder, prayer, fraternal embrace.

The film suffers from a certain monotony—it is too long—but that is possibly part of its intended effect and meaning. We are worn out along with its "actors." They are all great, especially Paul Brennan. The stiffly drooping line of his mouth is a study in itself. There is something close to grandeur in his acrid humor, his self-mockery, his realistic perceptiveness, his ultimate stoicism.

The photography and editing are first rate. The producers, I am certain, would like the reviewers to emphasize the film's comedy. I have laid stress on its cutting dreariness, but that does not signify a defect. The combination of all its elements—including the view of its various landscapes—creates its own kind of catharsis. It is a picture for the brave.

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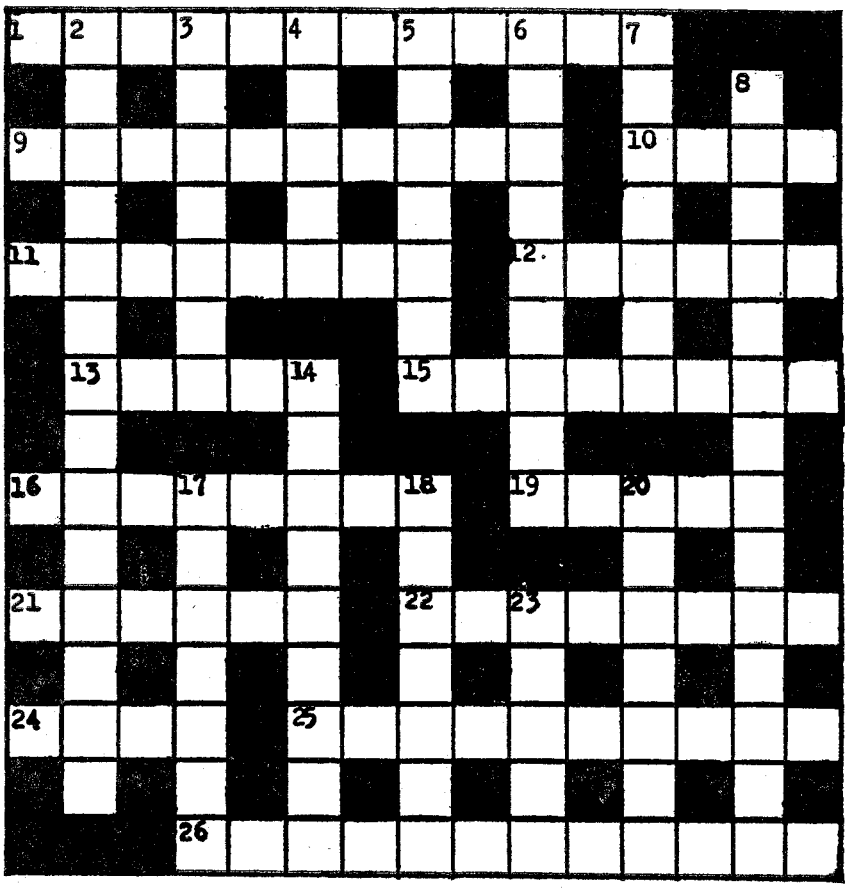
Crossword Puzzle No. 1288

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Not exactly figured out to be subverted, and as DeGaulle might say, turned in. (12)
9 Tidy result, but it might have shattering consequences. (10)
10 Hurry with the translation! (It's not legal aid!) (4)
11 Stage requisites about the wrong people to ask for future advice. (8)
12 State briefly, when about to inquire of a much larger one. (6)
13 Possibly loses the deposit, if unstratified. (5)
15 Waves clear across it. (8)
16 Not exactly formal wear, and certainly not for climbers. (4,4)
19 What a door-to-door salesman might do not so as to be legal? (5)
21 A little way to go on wheels or walk? (6)
22 Is in contention. (8)
24 Bear north, in either case. (4)
25 Where such a problem as this might go, in a manner of speaking. (10)
26 They might help, to a degree. (12)

DOWN

2 What removes the effect of accidental past events isn't very systematic. (7,7)
3 Set to follow—obviously no longer sufficient. (7)
4 Proving a bird is better than a birdie. (5)
5 Implying a certain division with the basic body structure. (7)
6 Excellent type candy? (9)
7 Draw away (7)
8 Was Carroll's one of the evening? (4,6,4)
14 Crustacean for 3. (9)
17 One has to pull through the water with them. (7)
18 Possibly a telling experience. (7)
20 Game, but possibly not a fair one in Boston. (7)
23 Clementine's father, possibly. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1287

ACROSS: 1 Pheasant; 5 Flower; 11 and 21 across Putting on the dog; 12 In store; 13 Sworn in; 14 Agents; 15 and 10 Enteric fever; 18 Address; 26 Audient; 27 Abstained; 28 and 7 On the wagon; 29 Oldest; 30 Jettison. DOWN: 1 Puffin; 2 Envisaged; 3 Sirloin; 4 Nippers; 6 Laid out; 8 Ringneck; 9 and 24 A Taste of Honey; 16 Roomettes; 17 Pago Pago; 19 Enneads; 20 Saying; 21 Twaddle; 22 Endmost; 23 Strewn; 25 Hosed.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

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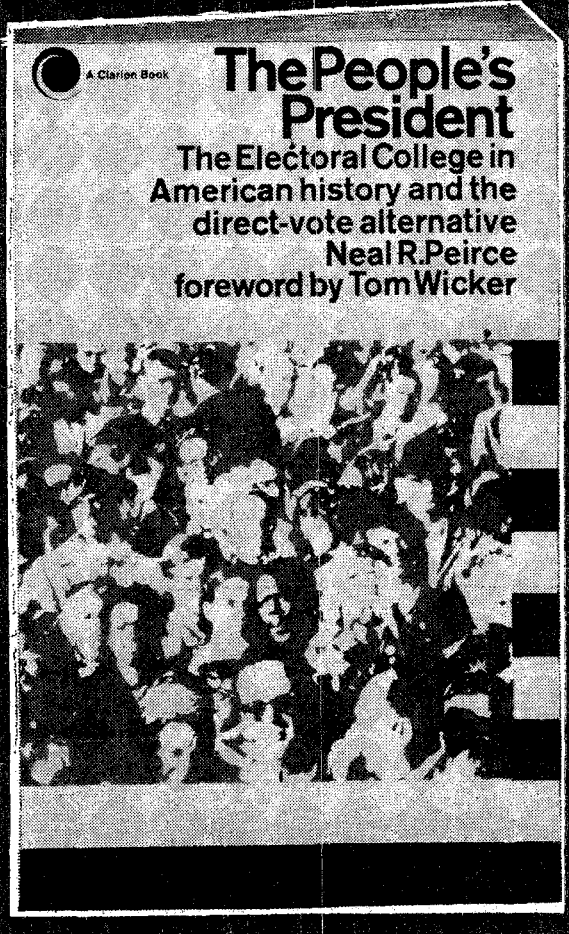
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